

# CHATELAIN

*Ten Cents*

JULY 1942





# AS THE EDITOR SEES IT

**Honor Our Canadian Army.** Let's show the lads in khaki that we are really determined to back them up—not just with taxes and knitted socks but with genuine goodwill and gratitude for the job they're doing now and the bigger job they're preparing to do later.

Army Week, June 29-July 5, gives us a special opportunity to honor our Army at home and abroad. You'll be joining in your own local celebrations of course—cheering the parades, listening to the speeches, tuning in on the special programs over the air.

But don't stop there! Remember that this vast fighting machine which we call "The Army" is made up of individuals: six-foot youngsters who get terribly homesick for Mother and Dad; sergeants who would trade their stripes for a first look at that son-and-heir back home; men from all trades and professions — the family doctor and the neighbor's boy who used to cut your grass.

They're probably miles away now, but you can show them that you haven't forgotten, and that the voluntary act of sacrifice which they made when they changed from grey flannels to battle dress has real and vital meaning for the folks at home. Send them a gift box and tuck in a cheery note; place an order for cigarettes; buy a couple of "pocket mysteries," or wrap up a batch of the latest magazines; write that long-postponed letter!

**You'll feel better** when you've done that, and ten to one you'll start casting about for other ways of expressing your faith in Canada's Army.

How about a little garden party or a picnic for the wives and children of some of our overseas soldiers? (Any child will tell you it's an awful long wait between one Santa Claus party and the next.)

Just for fun some day, try one of those Army menus which you'll find included in *Chatelaine's* "Meals of the Month." The Army eats well but not fancy—you won't have to order any ptarmigan.

And don't forget there's a large chunk of our Army hard at work within our own borders. Some of these boys are near you, living in camp or barracks. They'd love to have a leisurely home-cooked dinner some evening (but not the night you're featuring Army diet!). Invite two or three together; they like it better that way.

So there's your program, friends. Let's make Army Week a success by learning more about our fighting men, and by showing that we are prepared to back them up always and everywhere, no matter where the line of duty takes them.

**And here's a story you'll like—it's true too.** A certain domestic science teacher, who is exceedingly

neat and precise and reserved—just like the one who taught me to make white sauce so many years ago—had undergone six arduous weeks with a class of raw Army youths sent to learn Basic Cookery. A friend dropped in one day, looked around at the normal line-up of girls at their tables, and said to the teacher, "My, it must be a great relief to have your regular class back again after those men!"

"Oh, I don't know," was the reply, in a nostalgic tone. "Sometimes I really miss the boys. Especially when the big oven's on. They used to stand in front of it in a huddle, and when I'd walk behind them, I'd hear them say, 'Cripes! I wonder what's going on in there!'"



## The Old and the New

Believe it or not, these languorous damsels in their negligees are a Sign of Changing Times. The lady at left is as outmoded as cuffs on trousers — and for the same reason, viz., that her sweeping skirt, exaggerated sash and sleeves use up too much fabric. Her companion, on the other hand, gets a beaming smile from the Wartime Prices and Trade Board and all patriotic citizens because her smart housecoat requires just four yards of material — a saving of three yards.

**In our mailbag.** That article by Mary Lowrey Ross, "Little Dictators in the Home," appearing in the May number, brought some interesting reactions. An Ottawa reader believes that the serious business of war has made the home the centre of our lives once more, and put behind us, along with "the other superficial and frivolous fads of a giddy age," the child psychology books. Unlimited self-expression, she thinks, can be a menace. "A subdued child is usually a thoughtful one, and what we will need desperately, in the future years of reconstruction, are not unruly men and women living on the impulses of their emotions, but sane, quiet and deep thinkers." She wants to see a fresh appreciation of the "obsolete virtues" — unquestioned obedience to parental authority, control over human passions, humility of spirit, tolerance, deep respect for elders. "Let there not be any more 'little dictators,' for very soon they grow into 'big dictators.'"

And from an Alberta farm comes a nice pat on the back for the story, "Mother Takes a Holiday," in our June issue. That, you will remember, dealt with the smooth wangling of one Sarah Hull, wife, mother and housekeeper, who decided to take a week's holiday—alone, and AT HOME. "It may not be a story to set the world on fire, but it is just the very thing I would like to do," our reader writes. "Being the mother of twelve and having most of them at home, I wish I could send the family away and have a week or two here alone to do the things I want to do and never have time for."

Here's hoping she can manage it soon. Every worthy scheme, they say, starts with an idea. The story of Sarah Hull may not "set the world on fire," but for our part we'll be perfectly content if it helps Mother of Twelve get the break she wants.

*Mary Etta Macpherson*

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# CHATELAINE

for July

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## Contents

### FICTION

That Stagey Look .....	Martha Prewitt	5
Someone to Care for .....	Hugh B. Cave	10
These Men! .....	Mildred Foulke Meese	14

### GENERAL ARTICLES

Home Front .....		2
Dear Men: We Miss You But We're Doing All Right .....	Mona Gould	9
They're in the Army Now .....	Margaret Ecker	12
Women of South America .....	Rosita Forbes	16
The Queen and Her Daughters .....		19
Golden Girl from the West .....	Kay Murphy	21

### BEAUTY CULTURE

Beauty While You Wait .....	Jean Alexander	27
Fashion Shorts .....	Kay Murphy	29
If You're Going to Have a Baby .....		32
New Tricks in Trimming (pattern) .....		35

### "YOUR HOME"

What! No Plaster? .....	J. F. C. Smith	39
Pointers for the Home .....		42

### HOUSEKEEPING

Fruits for the Future .....	Helen G. Campbell	43
Pot Luck .....		45
Meals of the Month .....		46
Turn Over a New Leaf .....	Helen G. Campbell	47

### REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

Child Health Clinic .....	Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.	50
Handicrafts .....	Marie Le Cerf	52

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# Here's My Home for TODAY ... a Corvette



Corvettes, too, are floored with Dominion Battleship Linoleum, a companion product to Marboleum.



## But You Should See the Home we are Planning for TOMORROW!



FRIENDS WILL RAVE about Mary's new kitchen. In addition to her Marboleum floor, Marboleum will be used for working surfaces and splash areas, too. A smart, labour saving idea—and colourful as well. Pattern illustrated is M54.



TED'S DEN is going to be smart, too. Notice the colourful Marboleum floor with its anchor inset—reminding him of his Navy days. Mary will like it too because it's easy to clean. Pattern illustrated is M41.

The home of tomorrow . . . the home Young Canada is fighting and planning for today . . . will be a better home. New uses for old products and new products for old uses are being revealed by the war. For instance, MARBOLEUM and companion products will be widely used for floors, table tops, splash areas, chair seats, working surfaces—any place where long life, ease of cleaning, resistance to wear and colourful appearance are important. And MUROLEUM will be used for walls and ceilings. Remember MARBOLEUM and MUROLEUM when you are planning a new home—or renovating an old one.

# MARBOLEUM Flooring

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM CO. LTD., MONTREAL



*"Eat it up... wear it out... make it do."  
That's the wartime housekeeping slogan  
from Ottawa. Your co-operation is vital!*

## Big Bundles for Britain

A big part of Canada's war effort this year is to feed Britain; to put some of our good Canadian products on munition workers' plates, balance their children's diets, nourish the men and women in uniform. Here are some of our commitments, just to give you an idea:

Onions: 3,000 long tons from British Columbia, which has increased its acreage a-purpose.

Greengage plums: Britain will take practically all we can harvest. Other varieties will stay here for home consumption.



Strawberries: 500 long tons from British Columbia.

Processed apples (dried): 425,000 cases.

Canned tomatoes: 300,000 cases.

Honey: 4,500,000 pounds.

Eggs (powdered): 45,000,000 dozen, from last autumn to next.

Evaporated milk: a minimum of 685,000 cases. (Quantities are also going to the West Indies at the request of the British Government.)

Cheese: 125,000,000 pounds. Production so far is well ahead of last year's figure.

Pork products: a minimum of 600,000,000 pounds. Farmers have been asked to increase both production and weight, and the result should enable Canada to fill its contract with Britain and to release the 75 per cent of normal supplies now allowed for the home market.

Menu-makers can help expedite these promised shipments by curtailing use of bacon and ham, and using up such pork extras as tenderloin, spareribs, sausages (made from trimmings), pigs' heads, jowls, etc.

## We're doing nicely thanks

One thing this war is teaching us, and that is to use our own ingenuity in utilizing worthy substitutes for items in short supply. The tin shortage is going to result in a lot of interesting new packages. You'll be seeing Cellophane containers for coffee, baking powder, and perhaps concentrated fruit juices and dehydrated soups too. This type of wrapping material will no longer be used for nonperishable things like hosiery, etc.

New lipsticks are coming out in smart wooden containers.

There's good news about slide fasteners. They're now being made of a material in which the munitions industry isn't interested. And by the way, the new clothing regulations allow one slide fastener to a dress.

Don't worry too much about that Ottawa order which eliminates wool-over-wool in coats. Less than 15 per cent of coat linings were made of wool anyway; the great majority used a cotton flannelette interlining.

Style note: There's going to be a marked trend toward soft brims for felt hats. Reason: The usual shellac stiffening agent is no longer available.

## And watch those prices



Let's keep that price ceiling over our heads. "Mrs. Consumer," as you're known in Ottawa, is considered the key person in maintaining a balanced wartime economy. It's up to you to check prices on everything you buy—from the box of soap flakes you use on washday to the milk shake you order in the restaurant.

If you're planning to move, remember there's a ceiling on rentals too; unless major alterations have been made to the house or apartment, the former rate must continue.

## First impressions are lasting! Always guard charm with Mum



WHO KNOWS when a chance meeting—an unexpected introduction—will bring you face to face with romance. Are you ready to meet it—sure of your daintiness—certain of your charm—certain that you're safe from underarm odor?

Millions of women rely on Mum. They trust Mum because it *instantly prevents* underarm odor—because it so *dependably* safeguards charm all day or all evening.

Remember, even a daily bath doesn't insure your daintiness. A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come*. Let the daily use of Mum insure your charm. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Mum is the preferred deodorant for this important purpose, too, because it's so gentle, dependable.



After every bath, and before dates, use Mum! Then you're sure underarm odor won't spoil your day or evening! Mum takes only 30 seconds—grand when you're in a hurry!



Stay popular with the friends you make this summer. Give romance a chance. With *convenient* Mum you never need risk underarm odor. Mum's safe for clothes, safe for skin, too!



Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

**MUM** TAKES THE ODOR  
OUT OF PERSPIRATION



To hold a man's interest, stay sure of your charm! Always be nice to be near! You can trust dependable Mum because, without stopping perspiration, it *prevents* underarm odor for a whole day or evening.



# "It's from Edna ... She and Bob have Broken Up"



"The poor darling! I thought they were as good as engaged. What's the trouble?"

"She doesn't give any specific reason. Just says that he'd been acting indifferent for some time—then last week he up and married somebody else. But that isn't the worst of it! She lost her job again."

Aunt Vi's face fell. "It doesn't sound possible! Every letter told how well she was doing. Getting such a nice position seemed our reward for all the sacrifices we made to put her through college."

Mrs. Black's hand trembled: "Well, there it is. You can read the letter yourself. Poor dear."

"But doesn't she give any reason?"

"No, just says that Mr. Brownley told her they wanted an older woman."

"Well, one thing I'm certain of," said Aunt Vi, with finality, "it wasn't Edna's fault. It simply couldn't be!"

## You May Not Know

But it *was* Edna's fault . . . just as it can be the fault of countless other women. And like so many of these women, Edna was the last to suspect it.

Halitosis (bad breath) may endanger every social charm, every business talent. The insidious thing about it is that the victim may not be aware of its presence. Who would blame a man for losing inter-

est in a woman, or an employer for "easing out" an employee with that kind of a breath?

## Don't Risk Offending

Isn't it foolish to run the risk of offending this way when there is an easy and delightful precaution against it?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, notable for its amazing antiseptic power. Almost immediately the breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, it is the opinion of some authorities that *most* cases are caused by bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, mouth and gum surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic, because it is liquid, spreads far and quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes. If you want to put your best foot forward, never, *never* omit the Listerine Antiseptic precaution. Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

## A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of the new Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

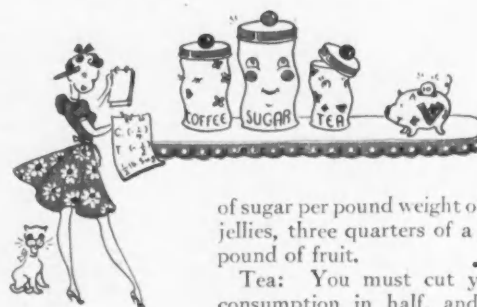
**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene**

MADE IN CANADA

# Home Front

## Ladies are "Gentlemen"

That's what those tired-looking administrators at Ottawa are saying, in tones of pleased surprise. The housewives of Canada, they have discovered, have a sense of honor, a "gentleman's code," in this urgent new matter of voluntary rationing. There have been exceptions, of course: women here and there with a grab-and-hold complex; people with no community conscience. But such few cases are being watched and dealt with (never fear!), and meantime the rest of us are going to continue to show that our patriotism can be practical.



**Sugar:** You're allowed one-half pound per person per week. For canning, you can have half a pound

of sugar per pound weight of fruit, and for jams and jellies, three quarters of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit.

**Tea:** You must cut your normal household consumption in half, and buy just two weeks supply at a time. No more dumping of a half-filled teapot, please!

**Coffee:** You may have three quarters of your normal supply, but buying only in two weeks quantity.

For those who don't want to conform, there's an alternative: a fine up to \$5,000 and/or two years in jail. But don't expect the rest of us to come and visit you—we're too busy trying to win the war.

## Stand by to go ahead

The Department of Agriculture asks all Canadian housewives to hold themselves in readiness to jump into action as bumper crops appear. Not a scrap of our precious foodstuffs produced in Canada can be allowed to go to waste this year. There may be unexpectedly large crops of certain fruits, so have your canning equipment checked over well in advance and be prepared to use it without delay when the time comes. Study up on the thin-syrup method, in order to make your sugar allowance go farther.

Incidentally, there will be no more shipments of preserved fruit to Britain. Fruits of various kinds will be sent over in a briny preparation.

## Wartime Fish Story



Not so very long ago, our sixty different varieties of fish were practically begging us to eat them. It's different now, though things haven't reached the point where you have to go out and catch 'em yourself. There will be plenty of fish, but fewer varieties. So don't be too choosy; take what you can get, and be thankful.

Markets will have plenty of fresh water fish: lake trout, whitefish, pickerel, perch, pike. The ocean harvest may be cut down, for two important reasons: (1) reduced man power owing to heavy enlistments in the Navy; (2) the menace of submarines close to our eastern coast.

Prospects for the sardine pack are good; we shall have our finnan haddies and smoked fillets, and, unless nature interferes, the lobster pack promises to be about the same as last year, when it amounted to 60,000 cases.

Say good-bye to such imports as canned shrimps, crabmeat and tuna. "That's all there is; there isn't any more."



# That Stagey Look

By MARTHA PREWITT

**T**HE DAY the ambition was born in her she'd been not more than twelve, a long-legged child with an awkward grace in spite of her coltish looseness of limb. She'd had black straight hair and eyes so black and huge they seemed almost to cover her face. Her mouth was wide, thin, and very mobile, twisting with her emotions, which were legion.

She lived in books at that age, suffering beautifully with Stella Maris, doing "good works" with Little Nell, adventuring with the Princess of Graustark. She had her own shadowy Prince Charming, too, not clearly seen, but bearing a resemblance to Mat Barnes, the boy who lived in the red brick house next door.

Mat was older by five years, a big serious-minded boy intent on the engine of his jalopy, ignoring girls. His clothes never fitted him, his brown hair was always rumpled, and he generally had oil stains on hands and face. But when—rarely—his grey eyes fixed on her, she felt small and thrilled and painfully self-conscious.

It had been a rainy afternoon, she remembered. She was upstairs in her room reading, and had stopped to fix her hair like the Spanish girl in the story—parting it in the middle, piling it high with a wisp of her older sister's veil looped above it.

Her mother called from the foot of the steps, "Emijo-o-o!" That wasn't her real name. Mrs. Judd had neither the imagination nor the clairvoyance to give it to her. Mat had clipped "Emma Josephine" to "Emijo," a fact which was later to be of inestimable value to her.

"Yes?" With difficulty she pulled herself out of the Pyrenees and went to the head of the stairs. "Yes, mother?"

"Come down right away, Emijo. Mrs. Barnes is here and wants to measure you for a dress she's making her niece."

She started down obediently, one hand trailing along the varnished banister. Below her in the hall Mat's mother stood beside her own, their heads two greyish blobs with misty outlines. She put her head back and squinted at them, a trick she'd developed to bring things into better focus. It gave her, though she didn't know it then, added height and a faint hauteur.

Mrs. Barnes watched her with a puzzled expression. When Emijo drew level, the older woman's eyes flicked over the headdress, and then she turned to Mrs. Judd to say, her voice tinged with unwilling admiration, "With her hair like that and all, the child's right stagey-looking, isn't she?"

Mrs. Judd made a "tut-tut" noise with her tongue against her teeth and reached for the green checked dress Mrs. Barnes carried.

Emijo stood patiently while it was slipped over her piled hair, but her mind was remembering Mrs. Barnes' words, and the tone—that hesitant wonder. She was to know it better and evaluate it, but this first time it sang against her ears. While she was being twisted and turned for the fitting, she savored the taste of the words . . . "the child's right stagey-looking . . ."

It was then she decided to be an actress.

**BUT IT** wasn't till she was seventeen, and a junior in Elmwood High, that she actually got a part in a play. She was still long-legged and slim, though the coltishness had gone, and she carried herself with a swinging fluid grace. The role in the school play called for a black



Mat, intent on his jalopy, ignored Emijo, except to ask complainingly, "What didja do with my pliers?"



## "GO ON, SPEND IT... what's the difference?"

**C**ANADIANS . . . the time has come when every nickel, dime and quarter you spend *needlessly* is money spent in the cause of our enemies! NOW, more than any time since this war began, national THRIFT is essential.

And THRIFT begins with those little things you *needlessly* buy from day to day—THRIFT begins in the home, in the kitchen, in the clothes you wear. From now on, resolve that *needless* spending is out! Your personal war job is to save every cent you can . . . and invest those savings in War Savings Stamps!

Yes, saving to buy War Savings Stamps is a *vital* war job for every woman, man and child in Canada. War saving stamps are a protection NOW and an investment for the future which will bring you back \$5 for every \$4 you invest.

So remember—let THRIFT be your watchword! Every day, save a little—and invest those savings in War Savings Stamps.

Buy War Savings Stamps from banks, post offices, druggists, grocers and other retail stores—and buy them regularly.

**Buy WAR SAVINGS  
STAMPS EVERY  
WEEK**







*Her career really began 'way back when the lady next door said, "The child's right stagey-looking!" but it was years before she understood what Destiny—and Mat—had planned for her*

dinner dress, high of neck, with long tight sleeves. Her face was whitely dramatic above the black, and she threw herself into the part, making the others seem wooden and amateur. The patter of applause swelled louder and louder. It was like the roar of an ocean, she thought, an ocean that she'd been struggling toward for a long time. Almost she could taste the salt spray of it now, for that was her Public applauding. She took five curtain calls.

Finally, flushed with triumph, she started back toward the bedlam of the dressing room. In the confusion of people milling around, she almost walked into Mat before she saw him. Mat was twenty-three now, through engineering college and ready to leave Elmwood. For Brazil, he said. Emijo wouldn't think about Mat's going away. For all he wouldn't notice her, a world without Mat next door to watch and worship . . . it wouldn't be a world, that was all.

He'd put out his arm to stop her, but he only looked down at her frowning at first. Then, with an accusing tone, he said, "You've grown up!"

Not that he hadn't been accusing before . . . "Didja move my pliers?" . . . "Whyn't you hold that wire when I told you?" . . . "Stop jiggling that board." But this was different. His voice was personal, adult. She was conscious of him in a different way, too.

She said, "I—I guess I am grown up. I'm almost eighteen," and tried to bring her big black eyes up to look at him, but they wouldn't go any higher than the knot of his grey tie.

"I told your family I'd bring you home."

It was an uncompromising statement, but—from Mat—it meant a lot. A tightness grew in her throat so she couldn't get out the sophisticated answer she struggled for—only a faint acquiescent "Okay, Mat."

Timidly she forced herself to look at him, throwing her head back in the familiar gesture, the muscles tightening around her eyes to focus better so that she could see him clearly.

"You look like Katharine Cornell!" he blurted out, the accusing edge still there in his voice.

A little later they went noisily in Mat's jalopy through the dreaming moonlit village streets to her front door. He had, occasionally and by request, brought her home before, always dumping her unceremoniously, hardly coming to a full stop. Tonight he helped her out, escorting her by the elbow up the walk and to the steps. But he hesitated there at the edge of the denser shadow of the porch. The moon made a black tracery of leaves across his shoulders and bent head.

She thought, *It can't end like this—with nothing*, though she wasn't yet sure what it was she wanted. She said, "Won't you come in?"

"Guess not." But he didn't go.

THEY STOOD there, facing each other in the filtered darkness, caught in their inarticulate youth. Emijo could feel a tremor beginning in her knees. It wasn't from fear. Not exactly, for though there was a frightening quality in this new awareness inside her, there was more of excitement to it. Her nervous fingers wound and unwound themselves around a spray of the calicanthus bush beside the steps. The pungent smell of it wove itself into her emotion, forever to be a part of this night.

"Well . . ." Mat said, fumbling toward "good-by."

But she couldn't let him go. Not yet. Tonight he was different. It might have been the black dress and the play that'd changed him. Tomorrow she'd wear blue chambray and socks, and he'd go back to being bored with her as both a kid and a girl.

She had to do something so that he couldn't go back, to mark this night in some way so that he'd never forget it. So, in a panic of inexperience, she lifted her face and asked, a catch in her breath, "Won't you—kiss me—good night?"

He didn't move, only stared down at her white face for a moment before he spoke. "You oughtn't to ask me to

kiss you," he said, his voice objective yet faintly ruffled.

"But I want you to."

"You really want me to?"

"Yes."

"All right then." Clumsily he put his arms around her. She was afraid he'd just peck at her cheek, but instead he brought his lips down full against hers, held her close.

She shut her eyes, feeling the warm quiver of his mouth on hers, thinking, *It's Mat! Mat! I'm not reading it in a book. Or acting it in a play. Or dreaming it like the other times.* It was real, and it was Mat, and life, at this moment, was complete and perfect.

Then he released her with an abrupt, "Well, so long. See you tomorrow," and went striding down the walk, the shadows making swift changing patterns on his unturning back.

She stood there, dumb and empty, gathering herself finally to go stumbling up the steps. "Tomorrow," he'd said. She'd see him tomorrow. Maybe he'd come over every evening, sit on the steps with her in the friendly warm dusk . . .

It was a long time before she dropped into deep uneasy slumber. At two the telephone shrilled terrifyingly through the quiet house. Montreal calling . . . Mrs. Judd's mother had had a stroke. They left before dawn.

When Emijo got back three weeks later, Mat had gone to Brazil. It was five years before she saw him again.

IN THOSE five years Emijo accomplished much. She made her family let her skip college to go to dramatic school—no mean feat in itself. The first summer out of school she landed a job playing in stock in a summer theatre. And it was there she met Jon Trent.

Jon was good-looking, slim—seeming taller than he actually was—with blond curly hair and eyes that were the exact blue of the shirts he always wore. He'd been a minor star in Hollywood. The summer people made over him a good deal. Emijo didn't. That was perhaps what first attracted him to her, that and her name, which intrigued him, he told her, and her smoky black hair and her big brooding dark eyes and the funny little gesture she had with her head, throwing it back and squinting down her nose at him . . . all this he told her one evening toward the end of the summer.

Emijo, intent at the moment on learning the lines of her last role of the season, didn't hear more than half of it, but she liked him well enough and when the theatre closed, she told him he could come on back to Elmwood with her for a visit if he wanted to. She warned him it'd be dull, except, of course, all the girls would go for him.

She didn't know then that Mat was back for his first visit in five years. If she'd known, she might not have let Jon come.

Her mother was too excited over her arrival to tell her of Mat's. The first inkling Emijo had was when she saw him. She and Jon were in the backyard, sitting in the green swing seat under the apple tree. Mat came out of the kitchen of his red-brick house next door and started down the gravel drive toward the garage. She couldn't see his face at that distance—only the khaki work suit he wore—but there was no mistaking that swinging gait. She had a sudden jolted feeling, as if the breath had been knocked out of her. If she'd had a little warning, if her mother'd even mentioned it, if . . .

Five years peeled off the calendar. She saw herself at the foot of the steps again, asking Mat to kiss her. It wasn't the first time she'd remembered that night. Hundreds of times she'd writhed in shame over it, sometimes wondering worriedly how Mat'd felt about it, sometimes letting herself relive the brief bliss that she'd felt. Oh, yes, she remembered that night all right, but she hadn't dreamed that seeing Mat would bring it back, like this, with pain as fresh as if it'd been last night.

Jon was saying, "And I told the guy I'd do the picture, but if he thought I'd stand for—"

She didn't know he'd stopped. She was straining to focus on Mat, to see if he had changed much in these years. He was almost abreast of them, there beyond the low barberry hedge. Should she call to him? Or wait till he noticed her?

Jon asked, "Who's the guy? You act like he's either a zombie, or at least the missing heir."

"Neither," she laughed convincingly. "I thought he was in Brazil, that's all." It's a good thing I'm an actress, she thought. Not for anything would she show how the sight of Mat had set her pulses racing crazily. At least she'd grown up from the poor little sap who'd asked him to kiss her.

He'd turned when she laughed, looking across the hedge at her, and raising one hand in a negligent, "Hi, there."

She answered with an amused, "Old Home Week. When'd you get in?"

"Night before last." He walked toward them. "I heard you were coming."

She knew she'd be a fool to assume he'd timed his visit to hers. She said, "This is Jon Trent, Mat—Matson Barnes, Jon—he digs ditches in Brazil."

"Puts bridges over them, you mean." Mat grinned, making no effort to come through a gap in the hedge. "I hear you're a real actress now, Emijo. I figured you'd do it."

She wouldn't let the glow of pleasure that gave her show on the outside. She asked, "Going to the Martins' dance tonight?"

"Uh-huh. That is if I get dad's car together in time. Tore it down yesterday. Well, be seen' you." He went ambling on down the slope toward the garage.

But the world had a different face on it now for Emijo. She thought about that as she worried over which dress to wear to the dance. It's queer, she thought, how for a big old slow-poke engineer like Mat I'll take more pains than I'd ever take for Jon, the movie hero! It didn't add up, but there it was.

She chose finally a red crepe dress. It was a severe, rather theatrical thing with high neck and long sleeves. "Stagey looking," Mrs. Barnes would have called it, and Emijo knew that she'd selected it because it was the nearest thing she had to the black dress she'd worn that night when Mat'd first noticed her.

But she wouldn't let herself hope for too much when she and Jon made their entrance at the Martins'. It was a good entrance, carefully timed, and successful she knew by the familiar ripple of small sounds like those that came from beyond the blinding glare of the footlights, but she couldn't distinguish Mat's in the blur of faces. When finally she did locate him, he was dancing with Lucy Granger, a plain-faced bright girl who'd been a grade ahead of Emijo and was now Elmwood's librarian. Emijo thought, "He's stuck with the poor thing. He can't come dance with me till somebody breaks in."

Yet the music blared on and on, and Lucy'd long since had another partner—and Emijo many of them—and still Mat didn't come.

She felt let down, worried. Suppose he just didn't dance with her? What could she do? Women were so helpless at a time like this. A man in love could do something. A woman waited and ate out her heart slowly.

Then, when she'd conditioned her mind to neglect, he touched her partner's shoulder and she was in his arms. She could feel the rough texture of his coat against her cheek, his chin against + Continued on page 18

*Illustrated by Charles Reed*

"How would you like it, darling? My leading lady? Emijo Judd in big letters on the marquee . . ."



# but we're doing all right...

Thousands of us are Women Without Men for the duration — lonely, yes, but too busy to be bored

Illustrated by Marjorie Child

benchwork and machinery (her only previous experience as a wage-earner had been in a big department store), and now she's a vital part of our country's war effort. She has charge of four horizontal lathe machines—and Wynn is pretty proud of the fact that she was able to take over a man's job. "It's oily, and it's tough on the hands. Just look at my calluses!" There they were, a row of hard little bumps on a capable hand.

Wynn works a ten-hour shift, alternating every fortnight from night work to day hours. She has gained ten pounds since going into the factory—and she still does all her own housework, waxing floors, fixing the furnace, finding time to wash and iron in her spare hours.

Her chief responsibility is to her seven-year-old daughter whom she adores. First she arranged to have her board with neighbors, but when Wynn was put on night shift she thought it better to have Dorothy live with Grandmother, close by. "I spend most of my time off with her," says Wynn, "I often meet her after school and we go to a movie, then home for dinner."

Dates? She's been asked often enough, but she just isn't having any! Lots of the girls in the plant—war wives like herself—go out with men friends, and it's probably quite harmless, but Wynn prefers to have her fun with her little girl and her own people. "And I've been very lucky," she admits. "My husband writes lots of letters and cables, and sends me things, like this," producing a blue silk kerchief scrolled with the message, *All my love, from Somewhere in England.*

Does she ever get scared, living alone in her flat? Not while she has Torry, the big collie dog her husband gave her, as bodyguard and special keepsake. Does she dream of after-the-war? Of course she does, and the picture is pretty complete in her mind, too: her husband, her daughter, a bungalow of their own, and, well yes, she's always had a hankering for a little boy!

WHAT ABOUT the engaged girls? They get lonely, too. "Life's at a standstill for me," said one of them the other day, "but if I'm going to write the kind of letters

Bill wants to get, I've just got to keep in touch with the gang, or what's left of it. One of the last things he said to me before he left was: 'Now don't go all-feminine and start writing me teary epistles! If you do, you'll drive me straight into the arms of Lady Diana Twizzleham.' So I've got something to work for—and against!"

Sheila's a business girl, and it's natural for her to put efficiency into her news-gathering on Bill's behalf. She keeps a notebook in her handbag, jots down anything interesting that occurs to her, trots it out at bridge sessions, teas, or other occasions when friendly gossip flows free. Her friends have nicknamed her "Winchell."

Patsy D. is another fiancée-in-waiting, but she has a specific plan a-cooking at the moment. As a Red Cross transport driver she has applied for overseas service, and every day she's hoping for the word to move.

And, by the way, Patsy got herself engaged by long-distance method. John, her Big Moment, was one of the first batch of soldiers to leave Canada; after almost two years absence, he cabled her father for "permission," and just at Christmas the diamond and sapphire ring arrived by air mail. With the time-honored token of love and confidence on her finger, Patsy feels the future has some stability; John looks at it that way, too.

Meanwhile, Patsy keeps busy at her own kind of war work—driving a truck or an ambulance, handing out the trays in an active-service canteen, knitting, going to the R.C.A.F. dances every now and then. Does she have dates? But *certainly!* She and John talked that all over, and agreed to stick to a normal social life even when apart. "If our engagement won't survive this separation while the war's on, well, we feel it wouldn't if he were here, either," Patsy says. And she thinks the younger girls, like herself, have a better break than the married women, because there's always a young crowd to be gay with. Patsy has a sister near her own age; and everyone in their house gets a big kick out of entertaining the lads in uniform.

WHAT DO all these findings add up to? To fight the loneliness of a manless existence, *Go active.* Good, plain, hard work has never had a higher therapeutic rating than right now, when nerves are taut and the normal life of home-and-husband disrupted. If you can find your niche in vital war work, so much the better. Choose your trade, and each to her task. Remember, there are many thousands like you... and like me, too, for I belong to the ranks of Women without Men. +

"It's oily, and it's tough on the hands," says Wynn, the sergeant's wife, describing her job in a factory that produces machine guns. But she's pretty proud of taking over a man's job.



One of the most important jobs for lonely wives, mothers, sweethearts is to be a cheerful correspondent. A letter from home, jam-packed with news and gossip, tender and confident in spirit, is the best boost for morale.

# Dear Men: We Miss You

By Mona Gould



Shella's friends have nicknamed her "Winchell," because she's always jotting down tidbits of gossip to send to Bill.



Transport Driver Patsy got engaged by cable and air mail from England. Evenings off, she and the family entertain the lads in uniform.



**P**ERHAPS you're one of them—one of the thousands of Canadian women who have said a gallant good-by to their menfolk. Or perhaps that poignant moment is still to be faced, and you're wondering how you can adjust your personal life, after that Last Leave, to a completely manless existence.

It isn't easy, this giving up of masculine tenderness and companionship and protection. It's one of those conditions of total war which each of us must face up to, individually; we must work out our own well-balanced pattern of life for the duration, so that when peace and victory bring our husbands back again, we (and they) can count on picking up the threads of a normal, happy marriage.

Women without men must be prepared to meet a number of hazards. There's the temptation to self-pity: "My life is split apart; nobody seems to care"—and there you sit, evening after evening, in the corner of the chesterfield, indulging in what amounts to an orgy of dejection. Such a state of mind leads, inevitably, to antisocial behavior; you shun old friends, resist the opportunities to make new ones, you withdraw from the world around you. You may even reach the point of convincing yourself that this is a praiseworthy act of sacrifice; that the war will be won sooner if you take it the hard way.

For economy's sake, you may decide to give up your home and take a smaller place or move in with relatives. All very well, but don't, we beg of you, make a clean sweep of all your normal environment! Keep something to remind you of your life with Him: your china, your books, his favorite reading lamp.

Such personal souvenirs, trivial in themselves, are important in helping you retain your identity. Also, they suggest some sort of continuity in your life plan—and you'll be able to write better letters if you have the conviction that war is just a pause, a marking-time, in your personal existence, not a permanent break. Remember, one of your big wartime jobs is to be a cheerful correspondent; a letter from home, jam-packed

with news, tender and confident in spirit, is the best boost for morale in our fighting services.

I'VE BEEN talking to a lot of Women Alone lately. First, there was the doctor's wife. She's had nineteen years of happily married life, living on Main Street in a small Ontario town. A big comfortable household, with Anne in her teens, Donald half as much again, a dog for them to play with, a garden for Dad to potter in. Like so many medical men who had seen service in that other war, Dr. M. felt immediately that he was needed again.

The house on Main Street was rented; the family moved to a city apartment, to be near Dad in uniform for a little longer. A year ago he went overseas. It's another life entirely for Mrs. M., but does she moan about it? Not she! If your marriage has been happy, and you've got fine warm memories in your heart, this wartime separation is easier, she says. Children make all the difference, too; she looks forward to them bounding in at mealtime, full of youngsters' plans and projects; she gives little parties for them, because she doesn't want them to look back on these war years without their father and find them bleak. She has extended her family to include an English child evacuee, and, as Mrs. M. put it, "she's less lonely, and so are we!"

But even this busy home life isn't enough. Mrs. M. gives four and a half hours a day to the Red Cross; she has completed her first aid and ARP courses, she wears her uniform proudly, and while she admits "it's hard work with no glamour in it," she loves it because it keeps her mind and hands occupied. "You don't brood when you're busy."

NEXT, MEET Wynn Thornton, munitions worker. She's still a slip of a girl, though she has been married for nine years. Her husband is an army sergeant overseas. They'd had a lot of grand parties and quiet week ends together before he left, but afterward, Wynn will tell you, the emptiness got her down. She took herself in hand, enrolled in a night school course in

Wives with children have little time for self-pity. There are still grubby hands to be washed, birthday parties to be arranged.



Canteen work in many cities and camp centres occupies the time of hosts of women who have said a gallant good-by to their own menfolk.



# to Care For . . .

kind of start. He was a good boy. He was quiet, polite, intelligent beyond his years. He was pathetically anxious to please. But he had let Jeff Linwood down in front of the one man Jeff had hoped to impress. That sort of thing, Val realized, was strangely important to a man like Jeff.

Jeff had got over it, of course. But Peter had sensed his failure to live up to certain expectations and was even more unhappy because of it. This new swift world into which he had been thrust was all the more frightening because he had not been able to climb to the pedestal so brightly prepared for him. He was a sensitive lad; he guessed that he was not all that Jeff had hoped for.

There were spells of depression. There were tears, despite his brave attempt to hide them. From Valerie he did not try so much to hide them, yet even she could not penetrate the pride that tied his tongue. She could only guess at the cause of his grief.

Jeff pitied him, and in time came to be genuinely fond of him. But he was not Jeff's kind of boy. He was not the hunting, fishing, wind-in-your-hair type of lad that Jeff had expected. Behind Jeff's solicitude lay deep and lasting disappointment.

Valerie had tried her best, without success, to win the boy's confidence. She had accompanied him on his first trip to school and done her energetic utmost to make him feel that he belonged. There was a housekeeper to keep the apartment in order by day and attend to Peter's needs; in the evenings Val was there more often than not, to help him with his lessons, to assist in the building of toy airplanes, to smooth the rough spots in his struggle. Or—just to be there. For Jeff needed her.

"I thought I'd be able to swing it alone," Jeff confessed. "But I'm not the type, I guess." He meant, of course, that Peter was not the type, but he was gracious enough not to put it that way.

A month or so after the boy's arrival, he had a birthday. It was a quiet affair—just Val, Jeff, Mark Hendy and Peter. There were presents, of course. Val's was a warm woollen sweater which looked wonderfully sturdy on his thin shoulders and, in appearance at least, added pounds to his weight. Jeff's gift was more significant.

He and Mark had selected it together—a beautiful two-piece fishing rod for which Mark had supplied reel and line. As the boy shyly unwrapped it, Val held her breath for fear that Jeff, not Peter, would be disappointed. If only there had been some sort of build-up, a few leading questions to determine whether or not the boy liked to fish. But no. With characteristic impulsiveness, Jeff had decided that the lad must have a fly rod. Any normal boy liked to fish!

Peter drew the rod from its case and saw what it was. He held it for a moment, his small hands trembling. Then his lips, too, began to tremble, and his brown eyes filled with a rush of tears. He tried to check them. Bravely he did his best. But the tears came and a small sob caught in his throat. He put the rod down and covered his face with his hands.

For a moment the boy's sobs were the only sound in an otherwise total silence. + Continued on page 23



Illustrated by  
Jack Keay

Caught up in the strong lift of Jeff's arms, Val was sobbing against the wet rough leather of his coat as he strode through the storm with her.

THE BOY was sobbing again, quite softly, behind the closed door of his room. Valerie Smith rose quickly from the porch steps when she heard him. In the lodge sitting room Jeff Linwood looked up from the bright little pile of silk and feathers on the table, and scowled at her.

"Shall I—shall I go in to him, Jeff?"

He shook his head. His mouth was stubborn. "No, Val. I wish you wouldn't."

This time Valerie almost found the courage to disobey him. Biting her lip, she even took an impulsive step toward the bedroom door. But the moment passed, leaving her emotionally limp. Trembling a little, she went across the room and sank into the rustic chair beside the fireplace.

For a time she sat there in silence, struggling to work up an interest in the ruddy glow on the fieldstone hearth. Then she turned, abruptly.

"What are you doing, Jeff?"

"Tying a Coachman," he replied. "That is, trying to. These number twenty hooks are so small, my fingers feel like sausages."

"Jeff . . . he's been crying off and on ever since he went to bed. Surely it wouldn't hurt, just this once, to—"

Jeff abandoned his hunt for the bit of hackle he needed. "Look," he said quietly. (Why, oh, why, was he always so calm, so positive, when telling her she was wrong?) "Look, Val. We've been here three days now, and it's helped. You must admit he seems a little more sure of himself. If we baby the boy now, we'll be right back where we started." He paused, for her to speak. When she did not, he added doggedly, "I'm sure I'm right, Val. It's going to work out."

Valerie wondered, and tried desperately to see his side of it. Perhaps Jeff was right. He was a man: he ought to know how boys felt about such things. And the boy should improve in a place as glorious as this. There was nothing here to remind him of London's grim multitudes. There were no droning planes to raise the ghastly spectre of his father, Jeff's brother, shot down in flames over the Dover cliffs. No sudden loud noises, apartment-house doors slamming or trucks backfiring on the street, to bring back fearful memories of the bomb that had left his English home a heap of rubble, his mother dead within it.

Here at Loon Cry Lake Peter might find himself. Jeff was sure that he would. Here, Jeff insisted, were the things a normal boy needed: the night-sigh of a wilderness wind in tall pines, the magic of the outdoors, a bunk for a bed in a rugged log cabin, on a lake teeming with fish. But were all men like Jeff Linwood?

"It's only three days," Jeff insisted, angrily on the defensive. "Give him time, Val!"

She nodded. After all, she was only Jeff Linwood's secretary. That she had been his secretary four years and loved him every waking moment was beside the point. He was not aware that she loved him. He thought of her only as a business associate—capable, perhaps, and a girl with whom he could share certain personal problems that occasionally came up, but still just a secretary. She had come to Loon Cry because he had asked her to, and because she was genuinely fond of Peter. Peter had been through so much for a lad nine years old!

"You know," Jeff insisted, frowning fiercely at her as though to press home his argument by sheer force, "the boy's got it in him to get over this fear. In the first place, he's George's son, and old George was never afraid of anything on earth. The boy was fine when George was killed. A real trouper. Took care of his mother without a whimper. Actually looked after her through the worst month of the blitz!"

"I know," Val said softly.

"The trouble is now, he's lost his grip. He stood up under George's death, but when Paula died it was just too much for him. Then the strangeness of a new country, a new home . . ."

VALERIE listened without interruption, remembering the morning of the boy's arrival and all the turmoil which had preceded it. First the difficult business of getting him out of England. Cables to the Coventry family with whom Peter was staying. Cables to the bank. Frantic, last-minute calls to the steamship line, the committee for this, society for that. Mad last-ditch preparations for receiving the lad into Jeff's too-small, lone-wolfish apartment which suddenly,



*It was a lonely, frightened lad,  
orphaned by the blitz, who stepped  
off the gangplank—but  
what happened later at Loon  
Cry Lake put a sparkle in his  
eyes—and changed the lives  
of two others*

By  
HUGH B. CAVE

# Someone

overnight, had assumed the unsavory atmosphere of a telephone booth!

"Lord, Val!" he had said, when she went with him to make the place presentable. "We'll have to do something about all this junk! These books and magazines! This old drawing-table! If this is to be Peter's room, he'll at least want space to turn around in. And these windows. You suppose he'll want curtains?"

It had been hard work, but in a way wonderful. For Jeff had been woefully human, for once, and desperately in need of a woman's help. She had towed him about the stores, buying curtains, a rug, a hundred and one needed items. She had sat on the floor and washed woodwork, while Jeff dripped paint on her from a step-ladder—and then she had stood very still, very close to him, while he clumsily wiped the spatters of paint from her nose.

That particular scene was crystal clear in her memory. "Val," he had said, "you've been grand about all this. Perfectly grand. I'll never be able to tell you how much I appreciate it." The words had come slowly, without a smile, and he had stood there, with bright blobs of paint on him, with his hands on her arms, waiting for an answer.

Unable to fathom his mood, she had replied idiotically, with a little curtsy, "Thank you, Mr. Linwood!" And then added helplessly, "We—we'd better get on with our work, hadn't we?"

THEN—PETER. Peter slowly descending the gangplank with his one small, battered suitcase. It might have been all right if Jeff had gone alone to meet him. They could have clasped hands, then and there, and spoken the few quiet words that might have established at least the beginning of an understanding. But Valerie had been there, and so had Mark Hendy, Jeff's fishing and camping friend from the office.

In a way it was Jeff's own fault, what happened. Without really meaning to, he had given the lad a terrific build-up, proudly telling everyone he knew, including Mark, what a fine, brave, self-sufficient lad young Peter was. "Old George's son, you know, and George was never afraid of anything on or above the earth!" And the Peter who came timidly down the gangplank wasn't that sort of Peter at all.

There had been some mix-up in the time of arrival. They were late reaching the dock and were helpless in the shouting shoving crowd when Peter made his appearance. He hesitated at the top of the plank, then slowly felt his way down it—a frightened, bewildered boy, very small and frail, wincing at the bludgeons of noise that beat against him.

Some inner reserve of courage carried him as far as the firm footing of the pier, and then he halted. Jeff's shout never reached him, of course. How could the boy sort an unfamiliar voice from such a din? He stood there, trembling, while his wide brown eyes, full of trapped tears, frantically sought some haven. As Jeff and Mark Hendy pushed through the milling crowd toward him, he turned and fled back up the gangplank to the comparative security of the ship.

Jeff had felt it keenly. "Old George's son, you know!" If only Mark had not been there it might have been all right; but Mark was there and was tactless enough to say, from the depths of a sympathetic heart, "Aw, now, the poor kid's afraid!" Jeff's face was white and taut as he went slowly up the gangplank to find and bring the boy back.

He had located the lad in his cabin, after searching most of the ship for him. With the door open, Peter was sitting there on the bed. Not crying, not sobbing his heart out as Jeff had half expected, but just sitting there, white and still, waiting.

Silently the boy shook hands, struggling to keep the tears out of those dark tired eyes which had seen so much for eyes so young. And so began their life together—a life as strange for Peter as it was for Jeff.

That was a bad start for Peter. The worst possible



# The Army Now

By MARGARET ECKER

Primarily, of course, the C.W.A.C. was organized to take over certain specific jobs in the Army and thus release the men for service farther afield. This has actually happened in 2,000 cases. You'll find these soldiers-in-skirts serving as clerks, typists, stenographers, switchboard operators, telegraphers, radio operators, drivers, cooks, dental and laboratory assistants—in fact, there are some 25 army trades which women can take over.

But down at the training school, through which every recruit must pass, you see them concentrating chiefly on "soldiering." They learn to march and wheel and fall-in; they click along the corridors in military column, walking authoritatively on their heels, with eyes steadfastly to the front.

In the dining hall they chatter, like any group of girls anywhere, about shows, letters from home, boy friends, and what they'll do on leave in Montreal, 25 miles away.

Upstairs in the dormitories there's hardly a bureau without a picture of a soldier, sailor or airman. Their menfolk—brothers, husbands, sweethearts, and in some cases, sons—are in this war, and to the C.W.A.C. girls it only makes good sense that they're being allowed to have a crack at it too.



Second-Lieut. Madeleine St. Laurent, daughter of the Minister of Justice, gets some pointers in about-turning from the R. S. M. Centre: Capt. Mary Dover, wife of the garrison artillery commander in Ceylon, out for a walk with Second-Lieut. Natalie Plante. Right: Sometimes there are callers—this time an R. C. A. F. lad, friend of Pte. Olive Smith whose home is in Montreal.



Canadian Army Photographs



Good-looking corporals take time out for tea and gossip in the Y. W. C. A. canteen. Left to right: Florence Robertson, Victoria; I. Beatty, London; Gerry O'Meara, Betty Gray, Thelma Bladreau. Corp. Robertson studies Japanese in her spare hours, hoping to be useful in "T" Branch work.

Corp. Marion Muir takes a toss into the pool. She hails from Calgary, where she ran a handicraft shop. Others in the group are Pte. Norah Strong, six feet tall and from Regina; Corp. Joan Farthing, a mental therapy nurse from Saint John; Corp. Mae Dodwell, who formerly did tailoring in Kentville, N.S. She joined up when her best beau enlisted. "I was so lonely I couldn't stay home and do nothing," she said.



A 15-minute break in the afternoon and the girls hike to the Y. W. C. A. canteen for a cold drink. The volunteer workers behind the counter are Miss M. Feightley, left, and Mrs. Herb Driver.



Three cheerful N. C. O.'s are, left to right: Sgt. Mary Hill from St. Marys, Ont., Lance-Corp. Marian Stewart, of Sudbury (her husband's on active service), and Corp. Edith Lapp, formerly a schoolteacher, from Gaspé.

## They're In



**F**OR THE first time in history, the Canadian Army has a women's unit—to date, some 2,500 strong, and living and serving strictly according to "King's regulations." The Canadian Women's Army Corps took on its first recruits last September, but it was not until May that these smart khaki-clad young women were officially accepted as the newest unit in our Army.

They don't start out as sisters under their skins. They're rich girls, poor girls, lawyers, housewives, saleswomen, nurses, debutantes, manicurists, stenographers, cooks. But you'd never know that after they've been through their basic training at MacDonald College in Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que. Into this wonderful new war machine flow civilians—blond, brunette, French, English, some glamorous, some plain Janes. After several weeks' intensive training, out come women soldiers, uniformly neat, trained and disciplined for active service at home or overseas.

For weeks they eat army rations. They sleep on spartan army cots. They take five-mile route marches. They sit in classrooms and absorb stiff courses of study—map-reading, administration, anti-gas precautions, and all the new tricks of the trade of war.

**K**EEP FIT is one of the first rules of the C.W.A.C.—and here you see three instructors having a little workout in the gym. Corp. Gerry O'Meara, of Winnipeg, is the upside-downer—and you won't be surprised to learn that she was a Manitoba sprint champion, as well as a stenographer. Corp. Betty Gray, of London, is the sister of Bobby Gray, Dominion pro golf champion. She misses her golf and riding, but she's organized basketball teams among the Army girls and they love it. She enlisted on her 21st birthday. Corp. Thelma Biladeau, of Quebec City, is the third, and she's looking for action in this war—with good reason, too, for her brother, a sergeant-major, saw service at Hong Kong and is now a prisoner.

Wholesome living makes the C.W.A.C. girls healthier than ever before. The rolypoly recruit whittles down her curves and the long-lean type adds a little in the right places.



The neatest platoon at the training centre is rewarded with extra leaves, so Pte. Margaret Pearce is careful to lay out her kit properly for inspection. Before she enlisted she owned a lingerie shop in Guelph, and she still admits to liking trifles.



Behind the gas mask, Corp. Dorothy Clark from Vancouver, checking the fit. Pte. Marie Fremont, a vivacious French girl from Winnipeg, where she worked in the consulate. Her grandparents, who lived in Paris, have been missing since German occupation.





Sandy's face was a thundercloud.  
"What," he said coldly, "is this?"  
In his hand he held an old,  
faded snapshot.

*Illustrated by Richard Priest*

"Well, of course, if you say so," Lucy said politely, but deliberately allowing the politeness to fail in covering a lack of conviction. "You ought to know."

"I certainly do."

"And it doesn't even make you mad?"

"Not a bit. As a matter of fact, if Helen Shoreham could have heard the things I've said about her! Only they happened to be true. I wish she'd stick to the true things she could pan me for, that's all."

"You're an odd woman, Judith Barton."

"And you're an odder one, Lucy Endicott, if you think Helen Shoreham and her ilk can set me biting my nails. Tell me, who've you got for the club dinner? You've been doing a marvellous job on that, they tell me. Who's the speaker to be?"

Lucy brightened. "Oh, I forgot to tell you. We've got Russell Emerson. It's costing us a fortune, but it's worth it. His new book's just out, you know."

JUDITH'S HAND, poised for spearing a slice of lemon, paused in mid-air. "Russ Emerson!" she said slowly. "Not the war correspondent!" She was interested now, much more so than she had any notion of letting Lucy perceive. "How did you manage to corral him?" She added, in a more casual tone, "I thought he was off to the ends of the earth, as usual."

Why she had known Russ Emerson . . . her mind went off away from Lucy for a long moment. Russ Emerson . . . when she was seventeen and he a callow undergraduate. He hadn't seemed callow then, however.

"You know him, don't you? I forgot. We had a time getting him here, but he finally agreed. He's just back from Russia, you know." Lucy's avidity started to mount. "Tell me, what's he like?"

"I used to know him," Judith admitted cautiously, "but that was years and years ago, more years than I like to think about, Lucy, darling. I haven't the faintest idea what he's like. I'm afraid I don't remember him very well." That, Judith Barton, she told herself, simply is not true. "Anyway, he'll have changed."

"Probably. You'll find out the night of the dinner, anyway." Lucy drew on her gloves. "You'll come, won't you? And Sandy—if the factory and Ottawa will let him?" There was the slightest overemphasis on the last phrase.

Judith chose to ignore the faint malice.

"Oh, of course! I wouldn't miss it for anything. And Sandy'll come, certainly, if the Government doesn't pick him up by the nape of the neck and yank him out of town at the last minute. Do let me know if I can do anything to help."

Lucy gone, Judith sat quite still in the living room. Her mind went over and over the conversation with Lucy, over the things that had not been said.

"Shall I be takin' these things out?" Norah advanced with all the grimness of a tank corps, but for once she held her tongue and made no audible comment on the departed Lucy.

"Oh, yes, Norah, do!" Judith said brightly. "When the children come in, tell them I'm upstairs, will you? I'm going to finish that book before dinner if I can."

"Readin', always readin'! It's spoilin' your eyes you'll be."

"You've been telling me that since I was ten, Norah, and they're still pretty good."

But once upstairs in her large pleasant room she did not at once begin to read. She sat down on the chaise longue. She picked up her book, then put it down again.

"Sandy and I!" she murmured.

✦ Continued on page 30

and I were talking—we were having manicures, you know—and somehow the conversation got around to you. You know how it does."

Judith thought, a bit grimly, that she probably did.

"And," Lucy continued, "Helen said that she had heard that Sandy was staying away from home a lot and that she wondered whether . . . well, if you were getting along. She had heard that you and Sandy *might* be going to get a divorce, and I said if you were I would be the first to know. And that I was sure"—Lucy's voice took on a beautiful combination of stout loyalty mingled with a faint question and a not completely repressed note of doubt—"that I was *quite* sure . . ." She broke off abruptly. "What are you laughing about?"

For Judith was laughing. Not a laughter meant to conceal anything, but wholeheartedly.

"Oh, for goodness sake, Lucy," she said when she could speak, "I'm surprised at you. As if Sandy and I . . .!" She went off again. Finally she sobered. "My soul, Sandy and I! Who'll they go after next. Don't be ridiculous, Lucy!"

Norah, who had been missing nothing, set the tray

down with a definite bang. She looked as though she would have enjoyed thumping it over the head of the elegant Mrs. Endicott, but that this was the next best thing. She shoved the sandwiches at Lucy belligerently.

"No more, thanks," Lucy said absently. "But really, Judith . . ."

"But really, Lucy!" Judith mimicked her tone. "Sandy has been up to his ears at the factory, of course, and I've been more or less a widow, what with trips to Ottawa and getting the factory tooled up for defense production—you may have heard that there's war abroad in the world, my lass—but as far as Sandy and I! Why we've lived together almost twenty years, and we've never even mentioned the word divorce. We've never even thought it. Don't let that silly Shoreham woman fill your head with nonsense. She ought to be locked up as a public menace."

"But she's . . ."

"She's a frustrated unhappy woman," Judith said firmly, quite unruffled, "and she spends most of her time trying to pull the rest of the world into the same category. Don't be silly."

# These

# Men!

By MILDRED FOULKE MEESE

**J**UDITH BARTON was a calm woman. Indeed, in a chaotic and frustrated world her serenity was emphasized to the point of being the most distinguishing thing about her. Her steadfast grey eyes looked out upon the universe and in some almost miraculous way managed to find it good.

She was fond of saying, "Certainly the world is getting better. Oh, I know all the things you can say, especially now! But man has come a long way since he climbed out of the ooze. You've got to expect him to slip back into the muck once in a while."

Consequently the telephone call had not really disturbed her. She came back to the table, poured her husband a second cup of coffee.

"Lucy Endicott," she said, phrasing her answer to the interrogation of his lifted brow in the elliptical fashion of the long married. "She's coming to tea."

The good-looking male who was Alexander Barton made a purely masculine noise that was not quite a grunt. Nor was it exactly a snort. It managed, however, to express a good many of the things he felt about Lucy, without putting him in the vulnerable position of having said them.

"Now, Sandy, Lucy isn't so bad. Not when you get to know her."

Sandy's silence eloquently said that he could bear it if he never was promoted to that exalted state.

"And sooner or later she always says exactly what she thinks. You always know where you stand with her." She did not add that Lucy, this time, had something on her mind. "And I feel I must . . . that I should tell you, Judith!"

Sandy rose, the signal that these few cherished moments together—the children off to school—were over. He ruffled his wife's dark hair affectionately and with some amusement.

"And like most people who pride themselves on always saying what they think, Lucy seldom thinks anything pleasant. Thank heaven, it's tea and not dinner. What's on her mind?"

"This dinner the foreign affairs club is throwing."

"A lot she cares about foreign affairs. She just wants to capture a lion and show him off. 'By. And take it easy. You rush about too much for an old lady."

He turned to Norah. "'By, Norah. Rope her down and don't let her wear herself out."

"Humph," said Norah. "Me and who else?"

"'Old lady!' repeated Judith. "I like that." But she did not mind in the least. She followed him to the door for a last-minute good-by.

Sandy Barton was a tall muscular man who was exactly what you would expect of a college fullback twenty years later if he had not neglected his exercise.

"He is a nice one!" Judith said contentedly, and threw him a final kiss.

"Can you manage some of those thin mushroom sandwiches and that special brand of tea this afternoon, Norah?" she said, going back to the breakfast room to finish her own coffee. "Mrs. Endicott is coming in at four."

Norah definitely sniffed. She shared Sandy's opinion

of Lucy and she didn't care who knew it, Lucy included. "Yes, Miss Judy," she said. "But what you see in that one!"

Judith smiled at her, but did not answer. She really ought to do something about Norah.

Norah was the old-fashioned type. She weighed two hundred and she waddled. Her grey hair was drawn back into a wad spiked firmly to her head with formidable big wire pins, and no uniform in the world could make her look smart. She had dressed Judith for countless parties and commented freely on her beaux. Later, when she married, Norah had come with her to her new home. Norah had rejoiced with her and nurtured her children with a fierce devotion, she had worked with her and grieved with her over a little lost baby. There was no such thing as putting Norah in her place.

"Oh, Lucy's not so bad," she repeated absently, in the precise words she had spoken to Sandy.

But that afternoon she wondered.

LUCY HAD come gaily in and had chattered all over a dozen subjects with the hopping about of a conversational kangaroo, but it was evident her mind was not really on her dithering. She was trying hard to appear casual. But her small pointed face—which resembled nothing so much as an oversized ferret—was avid with suppressed excitement.

Judith knew that look.

"You're on the trail of another scandal," she said with amusement, as she poured the fragrant tea into the old delft cups. "I know you, Lucy!"

Lucy Endicott pulled her face into conscious soberness, as though to deny the only partly serious charge.

"Oh, not scandal," she said. "It's just that . . ." She bit her lip, as though she did not know how to go on.

Judith ignored that bit of by-play. She knew Lucy. Nothing in the world would keep her from continuing, but she wanted to be coaxed. "Here, try the sandwiches. Norah made them just for you. Mushroom."

Norah waddled over with the sandwiches. Her expression stoutly denied the allegation.

Lucy could contain herself no longer. "You really ought to know, Judith. I heard it yesterday at Robert's when I was having my hair done. At first I thought I wouldn't tell you. But after all, I am your friend, and you really ought to know."

"Then I expect it's disagreeable," Judith said, mildly curious now, and remembering what Sandy had said about people who persisted in speaking their minds. She gestured toward Norah.

Lucy, however, had a disconcerting habit of talking in front of servants as though they were not there. She was oblivious. Judith shrugged, gave it up.

"Do go on, Lucy. I'm properly agog."

Lucy hesitated prettily.

"Well, I don't know . . ." she said doubtfully.

"Oh, come on. I can take it. Who said what?"

"Of course, if there were anything to it, anything at all, I wouldn't dream of telling you."

"Anything to what?" said Judith.



"But of course there isn't. I said to Tom that it made me perfectly furious for anyone to dare hint that anything is wrong between you and Sandy. Just perfectly furious. There never was a more devoted couple."

JUDITH stared at her. She put down her cup.

"Sandy and me?" she said, incredulous. "What in the world are you talking about, Lucy Endicott?"

"Oh, I know there's nothing in it."

"Nothing in what?" repeated Judith, beginning to share Sandy's view of Lucy.

"It's just that Helen Shoreham, she's always saying things. But she wondered if you and Sandy were going to stay together—after all these years! She's just the most maddening woman!"

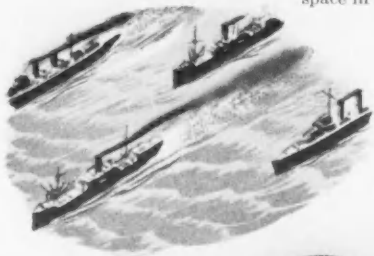
"Well, what in the world!" Judith had never cared for the expression *pop-eyed*, but she felt it might describe herself at this instant. "For heaven's sake, Lucy, begin at the beginning and tell me. You're being a bit maddening yourself, if anyone should ask."

Lucy's tone dropped to the confidential. "Well, Helen



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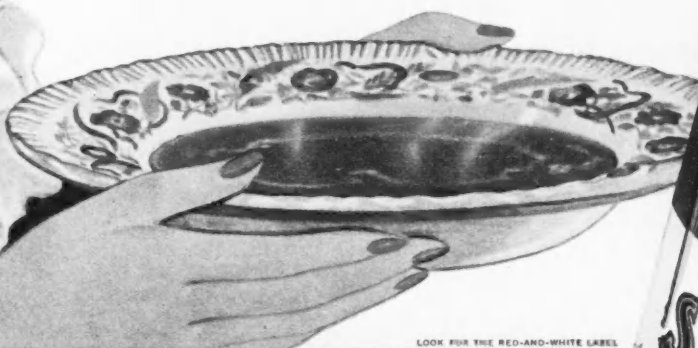


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**Campbell's TOMATO SOUP**

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The Indian woman, in her multitude of skirts, herding her flock of llamas; superstitious, terrible in her reserve . . .

IT IS dangerous to generalize about women—or indeed about a continent. But when I think of South America, I find it, in my own mind, dominated not by Brazil, of whose military and aerial and German-Italian-Japanese problems you hear so much in Canada, but by the Argentine. Here is a cross-section of human life: Indian in ice-bound Patagonia or the impenetrable forests of the Chacabuco; Spanish still in the great cities; Italian in the wheat lands; Jewish in the new agricultural colonies toward the Parana River; Gaucho on the plains where cattle are numbered by the million; Anglo-Saxon on the railways; Scottish, decidedly, when it comes to sheep; Central European on the docks and in the mills, Russian-by-choice in the universities, where Karl Marx struggles with Dr. Schacht's new economics. What are the women of so vast a land? What do they think of the friendship so warmly offered by North America?

HALF OF them, of course, don't think at all. The Indian wife in her multitude of skirts, gay as a carnival balloon behind her flock of llamas, burying the fetus of an unborn animal beneath her threshold to bring good luck, superstitious, silent, terrible in her reserve, knows nothing of American unity; nor does the dark-skinned Patagonian, wearing as many clothes as she can force one on top of another, eating raw mare's meat, admired for the opulence of her adipose tissue. For these dames, as wide as they are long, love takes the familiar form of "Oh, how beautiful and large she is! Look at the lovely rolls of fat on her." Their minds are occupied with their troops of horses, the silver and tassels on their bridles, and the long knives which cut meat and make "murder as common as a cup of tea."

Equally isolated from Pan-American problems are the Latin women who have followed their farmer husbands from the Roman or Tuscan plains. For a few seasons these live in mud huts, or in shanties heaped together out of scrap iron or gasoline tins. They feel themselves so temporary that they do not even trouble to be comfortable. They wait for one, two, three good harvests. Then they go back to spend their money in their own Italy.

FARTHER NORTH in the forests, where timber is cut by the league, the women are half mariners, half birds! In the wet season you can ride over six million acres girth-deep in swamp. On islets of drenched earth the foresters build shelters. The upper stories climb into the trees. The same trees are used for wardrobes, dressers and larders. Packing-cases hung from branches make pleasant cradles. Above them roost the family fowls. Cooking is done on a mud-heap in the middle of a pool. There is no education, no modern form of communication. Optimistic washing hangs under the thickest leaves. It rains. It rains as if forever. Each family group, marooned with its poor possessions, looks as if it had been shipwrecked, but generally a girl is singing:

"I know how to kill a cow,  
And a calf too,  
Without wasting the blood."

# Women of South America

by Rosita Forbes

Here is the primitive background, far beyond the great cities which, because of their fashion, their sophistication and their wealth drawn from grain and cattle, are Paris and New York and Winnipeg all mixed together. But in South America it is the cities which count—and the cities belong to men. They crowd the narrow pavements and congregate in groups at street corners. They loiter on the steps of clubs and public buildings. They fill the cafés, which are unusually silent, and impede the traffic with their aimless wandering. For there is no hurry in Rio or Buenos Aires. Except at certain fixed hours and within certain shopping limits, women are rare in the streets. They have their homes.

ABOARD SHIP I used to watch a group of Argentine great ladies—grey-haired, immaculate. They looked much alike, for they wore the same clothes and paint and the same expression. They did not mix with other passengers. I never saw them reading. They made a circle with the backs of their chairs turned to the room. Typical! I used to wonder what they talked about hour after hour, until I got to know them. Then I realized the South American woman is never dull. She has the art of exquisite conversation, and she uses it as protection against the influences which are stirring outside her life and threatening its barriers of privilege and prejudice.

Peru, Argentina and Brazil, and the other republics in lesser degree, are still encased in "class," to an extent unbelievable in Canada. The old standards are upheld by people who (whatever the government of the moment) rule by inherited breeding, position and wealth. It is, remember, not a changing wealth, dependent on speculation and industrial markets. It comes from the land, where one family may own a million acres or more. There is no social ladder in South America, nor are there the links familiar in Britain between the landowner and the farmers or laborers who work for him. As there is really no tenant system, there is a preposterous gap between the aristocrat with his city palace, or vast country house plumped down in the middle of unlimited cattle pasture, and the half-breed peons who work for him from sunrise till long after sunset.

In all the world, I think, there is no woman with more charm than the Spanish or Portuguese-bred South American. She has the repose and assurance of her ancient stock; wit and facility of expression, and abundant interest in life and the knowledge of being a personage. But it is no use trying to talk to her of

subjects which have not previously been labelled "correct." Russia, alas, is not "correct." Its "red" cannot be forgotten. Hitler may safely be abused on account of his attitude to religion. For the Catholic Church is still the citadel of South American women. The priest has a thousand times more influence among them than the politician.

IN A FEW drawing rooms it is becoming fashionable to discuss from a completely nationalist point of view, democracy, dictatorship, American federation. But fundamentally the South American woman is not interested in public life. To give her the vote would merely be to double the masculine poll, for wives and daughters, dependent on their men for financial and social latitude, would certainly not vote against family opinion.



South America's great ladies have repose and assurance, wit in abundance, but it is no use trying to talk to them of subjects which have not been labelled "correct."

Of course, there are a few rebels—more each year. At Rosario I talked to a girl of twenty-five who drove her own car or rode alone through the wild hills. We started on American unity and the girl was frankly bored. We continued about marriage and she bloomed into resentment! "I don't want to be married. As soon as I have a husband, I shall be obliged to stay at home. My life will be ended. I shall have nothing to do but talk to other women and look after the children." Of course she exaggerated, but it is true that the average South American woman's life is directed by her parents or her husband. It is Spain before revolution—a more virile Spain certainly, but one in which even sport cannot develop genuine friendship between the sexes.

Until there is a change in the attitude of South American men, there will be no international sentiment, no consciousness of American responsibility in the minds of the cities' great ladies using their charm to attract men, not to influence them, or among the sturdy products of camp and new mill, content if they can keep their own homes going and yearly add to their families. South of Panama there is a natural consciousness of sex which renders foolish such terms as equality and emancipation. Marriage or (beyond the range of a travelling priest) relationship with one man, her man, is the supreme event of the South American woman's life. She does not want to be "free," which to her mind would mean only that she was not desired. America, all the Americas, to her are, in reality, less important than her own family. So is she still behind the bars of an ancient tradition into which, with marriage, she inevitably fits. ♦

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERIC ALDWINCKLE.

Each year finds more young girls rebelling against tradition — girls who drive their own cars and ride alone over the hills.







Photograph by Studio Lisa

## *The Queen and Her Daughters*

IN ENGLAND, too, it's midsummer. The cities show their war scars, but beyond them the ancient countryside, lovingly tended for centuries, still breathes the spirit of peace and fulfillment, hopeful springtime and full harvest.

Under the great trees near the Royal Lodge at Windsor, a family famous the world over gathers for a few precious hours of relaxation in an arduous wartime life. In many ways the record of their war years parallels that of countless British families. They have known the loneliness of separation; their city home has been twice bombed; they live strictly within the regulations which a total war effort imposes on all citizens.

But it is for their magnificent leadership, their quick understanding

sympathy, their capacity to cheer and encourage, that George VI and his Queen will be remembered and loved. They are in touch with their people—and the tough Clydeside dockworkers expressed a nation's opinion when they shouted to Their Majesties, "You're doing a good job too!"

The Princesses are growing up. Elizabeth, heir-presumptive to the throne, stepped into public life on her sixteenth birthday recently; Margaret Rose will soon be twelve, but she still has a mischievous twinkle in her eyes. Time off from studies is devoted to their own kind of war work: concerts and amateur theatricals which they love to organize, Girl Guide activities, and knitting for their pet charity, the comforts fund for the men of the mine sweepers.



Include in your daily menu the "wheat foods"—is our Government's plea to every homemaker in Canada. High among these stand the whole grain foods, recognized as sources of important energy values. And the refreshing, nut-like flavor of Nabisco Shredded Wheat, 100% whole wheat in its most delicious form, makes it mighty easy to follow this important rule of nutrition. Give your family this double treat often—with strawberries or other fruit.

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD., NIAGARA FALLS



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## The Stagey Look :: Continued from page 7

her hair, his chest solid and close to the sudden spurting pound of her heart.

BUT THE waiting had been too long. Something had gone out of this moment. She looked up, her dark eyes faintly antagonistic, noting how much browner he was, and that his face had new lines so that it showed him a man and not a boy now. But he was still Mat!

Her irritation at him had begun to subside when, with his old bluntness, he said, "Aren't you sweltering in that red thing? Didn't you know it was summer anyway?"

"I'm not hot," she said stiffly.

"I am. Just from looking at you. Let's go out and cool off." She didn't want to go . . . yet she *did* want to . . .

They stepped out a side door to a dim-lit verandah and along it to the far end away from the light, and the other couples. They stood there in a little circle of darkness, alone.

I've dreamed it a million times, she thought, but the dream had always gone on from here. Mat didn't seem to know his role. He stared out across the railing into the black shadows of the garden, saying nothing. His shoulder touched hers, lightly, but as the seconds dragged by, the pressure began to grow unbearable to her.

I could break this by saying something . . . "It's cool here" . . . or "It'll rain" . . . or "How was Brazil?" But she didn't want to break it. Maybe the silence and the darkness and the touch of her arm against his would make him aware of her—finally. Wouldn't her desperate yearning reach him so that he'd turn and take her in his arms? He *had* to. For five years she'd been waiting for it. She couldn't wait much longer.

But Mat still made no move. If she had some inkling what he was thinking! But there was only that staring into nothingness, his profile dark and solid not so far from hers.

They couldn't stand there forever, like a couple of silhouettes on an old Greek coin! Her nerves were beginning to grow jumpy, unpredictable. If she didn't watch herself, she'd be putting her face up and asking to be kissed again! If she did that, she'd probably cut her throat with shame! It's been bad enough in a high school kid. In herself, now, it would be unforgivable.

Then slowly Mat swung toward her. She couldn't see his eyes, only the dark blur of his face above her. She dug her nails into the palms of her hands. *You mustn't! You can't!*

He bent his head toward her. His lips were only a little distance from hers. If she raised her head only a little . . . But that would be the same as asking for it! She couldn't. She wouldn't!

So, in a final desperate effort to save her pride, she broke into speech. She spoke at random, hardly knowing what she was saying, only feeling that at any cost, she must not lift her face demanding to Mat's. "Jon Trent—he's nice, don't you think?" The words tripped out in uneasy disorder. "He's famous, or he's going to be anyway. But it hasn't spoiled him, would you say?"

"I wouldn't say," Mat said dryly, straightening his shoulders. "I'm no authority on the stage."

That last was meant for her. She heard it sting through his voice, and she

quivered under it. But she got her chin up proudly. *All right, Mat Barnes. I've had enough.* She had to show him, though, how little she cared.

She turned sharply on her heel, the red dress flaring like her anger. "If I'd known we were going to spend the night out here," she said with deliberate malice, "I'd have brought a blanket. Shall we dance?"

So Emijo went back to the stage, and Mat to Brazil.

THE NEXT two years were such busy and successful ones for Emijo that she would have sworn she'd long since stopped carrying a torch for Mat Barnes. She had two fairly long runs in good plays, not the lead, of course, but three critics mentioned her as a "find" and predicted big things for her. One of them added the qualifying phrase, "If she can get over the mannerism of throwing her head back and squinting."

The critic naturally didn't know that was the only way Emijo could locate the other players across the stage, so that she wouldn't be addressing the spot they'd just vacated. She knew she should have gone to an oculist years ago. The "squint" was getting worse. That was the trouble. She was afraid to go, had been afraid for some time.

She was weighing that in her mind nervously the day she got back from a cruise to the Gaspé country to find a week-old letter from her mother that was curiously disturbing. She sat in the modernistic sitting room of her downtown apartment and tried to make out her mother's vague scrawl. Even with the big magnifying glass she'd bought last year, it was difficult. Her mother'd been ill and she said, with a sort of hopelessness, that it would be nice if Emijo could come home to stay.

Troubled, Emijo read on till she reached a postscript, written small across the corner and so criss-crossed that she might have skipped it if the word "Mat" hadn't caught her eye. Her interest quickened, and she worked patiently till she read in her mother's shorthand style . . . "Hear Lucy Granger's engaged. Mat Barnes. Working on Govt. drainage project in county now. Suitable, families such friends, etc. Told him to look you up while he was there."

She let the letter drop to the lap of her red wool dress and looked dully out across the blur of roofs. Mat and Lucy Granger . . . Why not? But she couldn't still the mounting pain in her heart. It came as a surprise to her and she asked herself in a rush of bitterness why, with all the men in the world, did she have to feel this patient enslavement to Mat who preferred Lucy's plain scrubbed face?

She got to her feet, moving aimlessly through the blue leather and chrome shininess of her apartment.

She'd been so sure she was over Mat! Sometimes weeks had gone by when she hadn't given him a conscious thought. Yet reading that he was engaged to another girl could produce in her this sense of fatigue, of being weighted with the fact of living.

After a little she thought again of that other part about Mat, that he was coming to New York. Her mother hadn't

✦ Continued on page 21



said when. She decided not to see him. When he phoned, she'd be so sorry . . . but she was booked solid . . . tell mother I'm fine . . . No sense in seeing him, in rekindling the fires that would burn in her long after he'd gone back to marry Lucy.

The doorbell shrilled against her resolve and sent her scurrying to her dressing table. Suppose that was Mat? She pushed her new exotic hairdo into place, leaned closer to be sure her make-up was all right, rushed through the apartment to the door.

AND FOUND Jon Trent standing there.

"Jon! I didn't know you were in town!" He'd been in Hollywood a good deal the past two years, had scored several smash hits.

"Surprise! Surprise!" he said gaily and came in, depositing hat, gloves and a briefcase on the end of the blue leather sofa and taking Emijo's hands in his. "Darling, you're looking marvellous! I like that tomato red with your black hair, and the new way's definitely super."

"Thanks." She was trying to be glad he wasn't Mat. She should have known that Mat would phone ahead and that he might even skip seeing her entirely.

Jon said, "You weren't listening! I said I've got exciting news for you!"

"What is it? I can't wait!"

"I'm to have the lead in a new Elbert play. It's a wow, a bonanza, a sure thing!"

"How marvellous!" She did better that time.

"That's not the exciting part," Jon went on, his blue eyes searching her face keenly. "I've also been told I can pick my own leading lady . . . within reason. How'd you like it, darling? EMIJO JUDD in big letters on the marquee . . ."

She stared at him, conscious at last of him and of what he was saying. "You're—not—kidding?" she whispered.

He shook his head. "Yours if you want it. A good one, too. Here, I've brought the script." He dived into the briefcase and handed her a thick pile of printed manuscript, its buff cover already well rumpled. "Just skim through it. Your part's Fran, the artist."

He followed her when she took it to the light. But even there she couldn't read the small type till it almost rested against her nose.

Jon, watching her, asked soberly, "Emijo, do you have to hold it that close to see it?"

She glanced up at him, wondering if his expression was grave like his voice. "Yes," she said finally. "I ruined my eyes as a kid reading too much. I ought to go to an oculist. I mean to."

"Of course you should! Years ago."

"I'm—afraid."

"Why? What do you mean?"

She lowered the manuscript and turned away from him. "I think I'll hear—bad news."

"You're such a little silly!" He put a hand on each arm in a quick sympathetic gesture. It annoyed her that she remembered it in "Bold Barbara," his last picture. "You just need glasses," he went on. "You can get contact lenses for use on the stage. It won't hurt your career; but if it does . . ." He broke off to grin down at her, with a sudden diffidence. "I'll furnish you a Home for a Broken-down Actress. I



## Golden Girl

From the West

by Kay Murphy

JUDITH EVELYN, the 30-year-old Canadian recently voted New York's finest actress of the season, is really a "golden girl." Gold hair, gold eyes, creamy gold skin—and friends on Broadway say her heart matches too.

It took her nine years to get to Broadway, and it was hard going all the way. Chautauqua tours through the back concessions in Canada . . . little-theatre work and radio plays in Toronto . . . added experience and fame in England . . . and a close personal knowledge of tragedy on that day in September, 1939, when she was rescued from the torpedoed *Athenia*.

In the production, "Angel Street," she fills a tremendously exacting leading role. The play runs three hours, and in that time, barring intermissions, she is off the stage only seven minutes. She does this eight times a week on the Golden Theatre stage.

She loves to talk about Moose Jaw where she grew up, about college days in Winnipeg, about staunch friends in Toronto, and, most of all, about "Dad and Mother," who now live in Perth, Ont.

Though New York gave her her big opportunity, she's still insistently Canadian. Someone remarked that she would be known as "the Canadian Ethel Barrymore." Judith made the quiet reply: "I would prefer to be the Canadian Judith Evelyn." And that's that!



Judith Evelyn as "Angel Street's" unfortunate Mrs. Manningham, a Victorian lady whose husband tries to murder her for her money

Tallot photos

would anyhow . . . only I've always said two careers . . . it won't work—unless you're the Lunts."

It was a little lopsided as a proposal, she thought, but she was grateful, especially today of all days. She patted his well-tailored shoulder affectionately. "Thanks, Jon. But if it's bad news, I'll go—home. Mother needs me. You don't really, and I may get to be a—burden."

"Stop it, darling," he said uneasily. "Next thing you'll be holding out a tin cup and selling pencils! Go to the best oculist in town. Tomorrow! I'll make the appointment myself." He strode toward the phone. "Chin up now. It's going to be all right."

SHE CLUNG to that hope all through the gruelling time next day, hours of

"Is this better, or this?" . . . "Where is the red line, above or below?"

"Which diagonal is blackest?"

All the diagonals were black, she decided, after she'd had a final talk with the specialist. He was the straight-from-the-shoulder type and she was glad of that. She couldn't have stood platitudes and indirection.

Her eyes, he told her, were in bad shape, though blindness was so remote as not to be considered. (Her spirits rocketed momentarily at that. She'd been dreading the truth so.) The glare of the footlights, he went on, would tend to damage further the remaining sight. Contact lenses could be made, and might—or might not—prove satisfactory. Highly nervous people were apt to find them a source of more irritation than comfort. Off stage, of course, she'd wear the usual kind of spectacles, as the contact type could only be worn short periods of time. He gave her a prescription for ordinary lenses at once, and she went to have it filled, making it a rush order and waiting till the glasses were ready. She chose tortoise shell, disdaining the clerk's efforts to lighten the blow with rimless or pale plastics.

She had a sense of significance about the glasses. As if they were a turning point in her life. She hurried home with them, clutching the tan leather case, anxious to be alone when she first saw herself in them. Jon would be over later, but she wanted time to get herself in hand before he came.

She wondered if Jon would mind her changed appearance. She'd be able to tell from his expression. Already she was bracing herself for his instinctive recoil. She realized she was making too much of anything as ordinary as glasses, but since she was twelve years old, she'd worked toward being an exotic dark theatrical type. Add horn rims to that. You had nothing!

As soon as she got home, she went to the dressing table in her bedroom, the leather case in her hands. She made almost a ceremonial of taking the glasses out, wiping them as she'd seen her mother do a thousand times. Carefully she slid the ear pieces into place, settled the bridge squarely on her nose. Then she leaned forward.

Her own face had seemed to leap at her, the face which had been not much more than a blur, as a whole, for some time. Critically she studied it.

The black smoky hair was too dramatic like that. It was ridiculous with glasses. She smoothed it down, pinning it primly in place. Her big dark eyes receded and grew timid behind their windows. There was nothing she

# "Wake up to New Loveliness...try my Beauty Nightcap"



ILONA MASSEY, EDWARD SMALL—UNITED ARTIST STAR

*says Ilona Massey:* "When the camera rolls close, my skin has to be super-smooth. So every night of my life I have a Woodbury Beauty Nightcap. Try it! It does things!

"The 'must' in this Nightcap is Woodbury Cold Cream. Silken-soft, rich yet light, even your fingers say, 'Here's truly different cream'. And shall I tell you what my complexion says? 'There's no other cream like it!'"

Every night, Ilona swirls on Woodbury Cold Cream, to whisk away make-up and cleanse her skin marvelously.

You'll love, as she does, the way Woodbury's beauty oils help relieve

dryness as it cleanses—help ward off the little lines dryness may bring. Then she removes soiled cream and applies more Woodbury Cold Cream, this time to leave on in a thin film for all night softening.

Try it tonight and revel in the knowledge that this silken cream—thanks to an ingredient exclusive with Woodbury—is constantly acting to purify itself right in the jar, so it's cream you can trust.

In the morning—Ilona finds her complexion is a little fresher, a little softer, a little smoother. So will you.

"Week by week," says Ilona, "see your skin grow closer to that gorgeous complexion that every woman wants—every man adores."



"Another Movieland secret," adds lovely Ilona Massey. "Cleanse with Woodbury Cold Cream before you put on fresh make-up. Then you look really fresh!" (Ilona knows!)



Start now on the road to beauty. Get a jar of Woodbury Cold Cream. Big jar is 50¢; introductory sizes are 16¢, 25¢. Tonight, follow the stars' way to loveliness.

**For special skins—special creams.** If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you need. If oily, cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream. If dry, use Woodbury Dry Skin Cream at night. For any skin, use thrilling new tinted Woodbury Foundation Cream for powder base.

**WOODBURY**  
*Cold Cream*  
**Beauty Nightcap of the Stars**

(MADE IN CANADA)



# Someone to Care For :: Continued from page 11

Then Val moved. She felt smothered, sick at heart, as she knelt beside Peter and reached for him.

"What is it, Peter? What have you done?"

He fought back the tears and stood up. "I—I'm sorry," he said. "I'm terribly sorry."

"Don't you want to go fishing, Peter?"

"Yes! Oh, yes!"

"Then why—" Jeff began, but Val's look was a wall against which his question was blunted and broken off.

Peter reached through the wall, though, to answer him. "It's just that—that father always said he would take me fishing, sir, when he got back from— from fighting the Germans. We had a trip all planned." He reached for the rod again and gave them a smile through his tears. "It's a beautiful rod, sir. I—I don't know how—"

What followed was a quick eager outpouring of appreciation, to be expected from a lad of his breeding. But Val sensed the effort behind it, the pitiful struggle to please, even if Jeff and Mark Hendy did not. That kind of struggle was dangerous, Val thought. As soon as she could do so, she asked Jeff to take her home.

"I'm just about exhausted," she said. "And you, young man"—turning to Peter—"have had a busy day. You should be in bed."

The boy's quick glance told her that he understood and was grateful. She wondered, later, how long he cried in the dark quiet of his room before falling asleep.

But Jeff had made up his mind, that night, to take Peter to Loon Cry Lake as soon as school closed. He was adamant in his belief that a change of scenery, a shift to the peace and quiet of the big woods, would work wonders.

"There's nothing fundamentally wrong with the boy," he insisted, "except that he needs to find himself again. Just give me two weeks with him at the lodge, and I'll have him on his feet."

Valerie had not argued. She did not argue now, as he reviewed for her, for the third or fourth time, the psychology of his cure. After all, what could you say to a man who so sincerely believed himself right—and who perhaps was right?

She could debate matters with him at the office, and frequently did. More often than not he sought her advice before plunging into any new business that seemed uncertain. But the Jeff Linwood of Loon Cry was a different person entirely. This was Jeff Linwood the Outdoorsman—a handsome shaggy man smelling of wood smoke and shaving soap, king in his wilderness, sure of himself and his methods.

His love of the outdoors was not a pose, either. He wore his old corduroy trousers and faded woollen shirts, and at times a faint fragrance of fly dope, because he was made that way. Paddling a canoe in the frosty dawn, or stumbling with a fly rod over slippery stones in a mountain stream, was his idea of heaven. And he sincerely believed that all men, young and old, loved the things he loved—or would, if introduced to them. Here, at Loon Cry, Peter would find himself again. "He said he liked to fish, didn't he? Well, then, just leave the boy alone. Let nature take its course."

MRS. NESTERSON came from the kitchen with coffee and golden English muffins. A plump pleasant woman, she had kept Jeff's camp in order for years, serving as housekeeper when he occupied it, and as caretaker, with her husband's help, when business kept him in town. Mrs. Nesterson was Jeff Linwood's nearest approach to domesticity.

"I wish the little fellow's appetite was better," she said. "He don't eat enough to keep a mosquito alive."

Jeff gave her a reassuring smile. "He'd never tasted trout before, Mary. Don't let it upset you."

"But I never cooked a trout so elegant, Mr. Linwood! And after he caught it by himself!"

"Just give him time. All this is strange to him."

"Don't they have trout in England?"

"Well, yes," Jeff said. "Just now, though, they have other things. He saw too much of the other things, Mary."

Mrs. Nesterson took herself leisurely back to the kitchen, and Jeff moodily attacked a muffin that dripped butter over his fingers. Thoughtfully Val studied him.

She had been closer to him these past few weeks than at any other time in the four years of their association. In the business world he took her entirely for granted. Lately, and especially here at Loon Cry, he had been aware of her and not altogether at ease.

Perhaps it was her imagination. Probably she was building molehills into mountains, because she had wanted so long to climb the mountains. But the molehills were there, certainly. Last night, for instance, when she had heard his footsteps outside the door of her room. Heard him approach, then hesitate, then rap the door softly with his knuckles. "Are you going to be warm enough, Val? It's getting mighty cold out. I'd better scout up an extra blanket for your bed."

Little things. "You've never tasted trout? Well, you're going to! I'll haul one out of the lake tomorrow if I have to dive in after it! You know, Val, you've missed a lot of life in that stuffy office of ours. You should have come out here to Loon Cry a long time ago."

And not so little things, like discussing with her, in his solemn schoolboy manner, the problem of young Peter. For it was a problem. He was the boy's only flesh and blood, now that George and Paula were gone, and he felt the responsibility keenly.

"He must be asleep," Jeff said suddenly. "I don't hear any more sobbing. Do you?"

She listened with him. The fire sang softly from a crimson throat, and from the moonlit night outside came the ceaseless serenade of the insects. Val shook her head. "No. He's quiet now."

"I'll turn in then, I think. Getting up early, you know, to go fishing with Dave." He put his fly-tying paraphernalia away. "This is wonderful fishing weather. Moon's just right."

Val sighed, reluctantly rising. Her glance strayed to a moon-washed window. Perhaps some day, she thought, Jeff Linwood would think of a gorgeous night like this as something more than a symbol of good fishing or poor fishing, or whatever it was a symbol of. "I—guess I'll head for bed, too," she said.

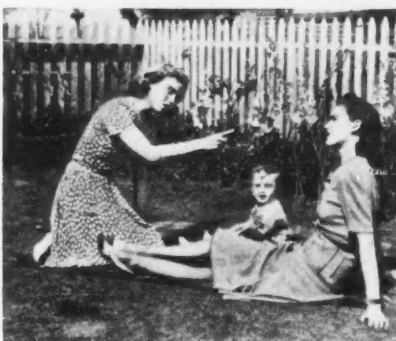
In the emptiness of her room she stood

## "The whole neighbourhood's laughing at how you're raising that child!"



1. I was amused at my "baby" sister, acting so important with a baby of her own. But when the neighbours started snickering about her pampering the child, I decided to step in.

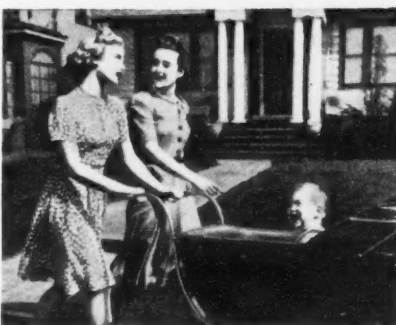
"Sis," I said, "come down to earth about young Ted. You're going to spoil him with all this 'special' business. Special toys, special soap, special powder...even a special laxative."



2. Then Sis flared up and called me a back number. "Up-to-date mothers," she said, "know that babies aren't just miniature adults. They're different. And just as they need special foods, they need a special laxative, too!"



3. "Why, our own doctor approved Castoria, because it is made especially for children. It's mild and gentle...and safe for a child's delicate system. Yet it's effective and thorough, as a laxative should be."



4. "After all, a medicine strong enough for grown-ups can be too strong for a baby's insides. But, even for tiny babies, Castoria isn't 'harsh' or griping. It works gently. Come along while I get a bottle."



5. The druggist said Sis was right about Castoria. "Its chief ingredient," he told us, "is senna, which has been especially processed to eliminate griping. Senna is not harmful or habit-forming."



6. "So," he added, "Castoria doesn't upset a baby's stomach. It works almost naturally, in about 8 to 12 hours, so it won't disturb sleep. I always recommend Castoria...and suggest the economical Family Size."



7. Later, I happened to be there when the baby needed a laxative. He took Castoria without a fuss...seemed to love it. Hmmm. Guess a kid sister can be pretty smart!

### CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

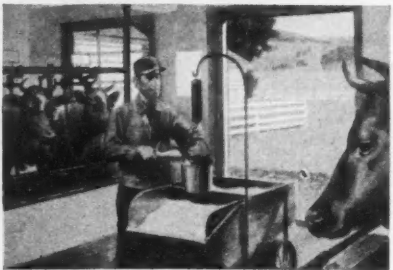
# How to serve better meals — and help Canada's War Effort



**FRUITS**—Every part of the body needs vitamin C. Tomatoes, oranges and grapefruit—fresh or canned—are rich in this vitamin. Nutritious menus may include one or more of these, or their juices, every day. Tomatoes may be added to soups, stews and gravies. Serve one other fruit daily: fresh fruits in season—such as strawberries; canned fruits or cooked dried fruits. Canned and quick-frozen fruits retain their vitamins.



**VEGETABLES**—Plan your menus to include one or more servings daily of potatoes and two servings of other vegetables—a leafy green one frequently. It is suggested that some vegetables be served raw—as appetizers or in salads, for instance. Chefs advise cooking all vegetables in small amounts of water, in covered vessels, and only until tender. Use the juices, too. Store fresh vegetables in the refrigerator. Canned and quick-frozen vegetables retain their vitamins.



**MILK**—The best source of calcium is milk. Calcium is the mineral most used by nature in building our bodies. Use milk, fresh, evaporated, dried, or in the form of cheese and ice cream. Five ounces of Canadian cheese equal a quart of milk in food value. Adults require the equivalent of a pint of milk daily, children a quart. In figuring your family's quota, count the milk used in cooking, too.

ONE of the most effective ways to co-operate with the wartime nutrition program is to increase your use of fruits, vegetables, milk and its products.

Governmental and private health agencies have two good reasons for wanting every family to eat more of these foods in addition to the meats, breads, cereals and other elements which should continue to be a substantial part of a good diet.

First, *your health*. Fruits, vegetables, and milk, important in times of peace, are even more vital to the health and efficiency of our nation in times of war. They contain an abundance of the elements which help to protect us from disease, and also to attain that robust good health which enables us to do our work more effectively.

Second, *our war effort*. Responsible officials tell us that using more fresh fruits, vegetables and milk, especially those produced locally, will release shipping facilities. It will also help provide larger reserves of easily transported foods such as meats and various dehydrated foods, for shipment to our armed forces and to our allies.

Even though you think that your family is already well fed, it will pay you to *make sure* that they are eating enough fruits, vegetables and milk, along with the other essential foods. There are some suggestions on this page for getting more of them into your family's diet. Metropolitan will send you the free booklets, "Metropolitan Cook Book" and "Food for Health in Peace and War." They contain much information about planning nutritious meals. Address Booklet Department 7-L-42, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

An interesting 10-minute technicolor movie on food and health "PROOF OF THE PUDDING" is being shown throughout Canada. Be sure to see it when it comes to your theatre.

## Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

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OTTAWA

could do about that, but she saw that her make-up was too vivid. She toned it down and then studied herself, seeing how different, how humdrum she looked.

Her gaze travelled next over the yellow tweed suit she was wearing. It was plainly cut, but a simpler blouse would be better. She went to her closet and found a tailored white one and changed to that. She felt as though she was dressing for a new part. In a way she was. For a new part and for Jon.

He wasn't due quite yet. She moved restlessly around the apartment, noting the detail in familiar objects, but her mind only half on the surprise of seeing clearly. About Jon . . . he'd meant that proposal, in his way. He'd been attentive—guardedly, for Jon was ambitious—ever since summer before last. He wouldn't make such a bad husband. Too much matinee idol to him, probably, but she'd get used to that.

She straightened a cloisonné ashtray on the coffee table, noting absently the crisp line of the colors. She could, of course, keep on with the stage for a while . . . the part opposite Jon this year, maybe something equally good next year. Eventually she'd start stumbling around in spite of glasses and have to give it up. She was no Sarah Bernhardt to rise above infirmities, but it'd be nice for people to know she'd been a success. People—and Mat. Her lips curled downward, knowing how little Mat would care.

She dropped into a chair by the window, her hands clasping and unclasping in her lap. What was the answer? Was it after all to go back to Elmwood and be with her mother? Why not? She'd be of some use there. Maybe that'd be the only way she could put out this fire inside her—by taking care of her mother and forgetting herself entirely. But it would be hard—as long as Mat was there. She shut her eyes, seeing Mat and Lucy file into church decorously, seeing them side by side in Mat's car, arriving next door for Sunday dinner with his family. Oh, she couldn't stand that! But what—

The doorbell jangled against her indecision. That was Jon. Maybe when she saw him, saw his expression as he looked at her, she'd know what to do. She got quickly to her feet.

In the hall mirror she caught a sudden glimpse of herself. *So much older-looking*, she thought, jolted, but she wouldn't let it worry her. She was smiling gamely when she opened the door.

IT TOOK her a moment to understand that it wasn't Jon there—not that tall bulky figure. The smile hung on precariously.

"Mat?" she asked tentatively. She'd never really seen him before, like this clearly, his square serious face in conjunction with his big body and his hands and his still unruly hair. It might not be Mat after all.

"Yes." He broke into his slow grin. "I didn't know you either for a minute, Emijo."

She motioned for him to come in and he followed her to the centre of the living room where they faced each other awkwardly, Mat still holding his soft felt hat in his hands.

"A new role?" he asked, his grey eyes oddly surprised.

She shook her head. "Just new

glasses," she said matter-of-factly. If she could only stay calm outside, Mat'd never guess how much seeing him had upset her.

"I looked you up because—"

"Yes, mother wrote me."

"No, not that. I needed your help." It was silly to feel so pathetically pleased over that, especially when he went on bluntly, "You're the only woman I know here and I can't choose a wedding present!"

She swallowed hard, but she couldn't get rid of that lump.

He asked, "You remember Lucy Granger, don't you?"

"Yes, I remember her."

"The wedding present's for her." Emijo braced herself, but even so she was wholly unprepared for what he said next. "Maybe you hadn't heard?" Her mind seemed to flinch from each slow word. "It was sort of sudden. Lucy and Tom Vance got married Sunday."

"Tom Vance?" Emijo repeated, stupid with astonishment.

"Yes. Why not?"

"But that's bigamy! I mean, mother said that you and Lucy—"

"Who, me?" His amazement equalled hers. The sound of it brought reviving comfort to her battered heart. He not only wasn't going to marry Lucy, he hadn't even thought about it! Her spirits soared with relief. If Lucy was out of the picture, there was still hope for her! Everything was different. Life was beautiful. And—Hold on to yourself, Emijo.

"Elmwood's always marrying people off," Matt was saying annoyedly. "I've just been taking her places while Tom was away. I like her because she's sort of—plain." He stared down at Emijo thoughtfully. "I guess that's what bothered me about you, Emijo. You used to look so—so—"

"Stagey?"

"Yes. That's it."

"Well," she smiled crookedly, "them days are gone forever." I'm—leaving the stage."

"To marry Trent?" Mat's mouth had tightened.

"Jon? Good lord, no. It's just that I'm not much as an actress, and mother needs me. I'm coming back to Elmwood, Mat," she said simply, and forced her eyes up to his. He shifted his glance from one to the other as if he were trying to dig some secret from them.

"I'm glad," he said finally. "I sort of miss you next door since I've been back. But how about you? Won't Elmwood seem pretty slow? Won't you—mind?"

"No," she said quietly, "I won't mind." She was thinking about being able to see Mat go in and out each day, of winter evenings when he'd drop in and sit by the fire with her, of all the seasons ahead that would have Mat in them. For she knew now what he wanted—not glamour or theatrical getups. He wanted something real and solid and lasting. And she could give him that.

He'd kept looking at her till the color came up into her cheeks. Then, slowly, he lifted one hand to touch the rim of her glasses with a gentle finger.

"I like these," he said significantly. The hand dropped to her shoulder. She could feel it there, warm and strong and comforting. She sighed with contentment.

"So do I—now," she said.



This advertisement is published in the interest of the Nutrition Program of the Federal Department of Pensions and National Health







*Count back the weeks*

since you made movies  
of your loved ones —

**W**AS IT LAST WEEK you made those movies of the family? Two weeks ago — three? Can it be as long as that?

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at the window for some time, favoring the moon with a defiant stare. In it she saw a winking eye, a nose, a mouth sardonically grinning. Perhaps if she grew fins and a tail and adorned herself with speckles, and acquired scales . . . Did trout have scales?

"I'll ask him," she thought. "It will be a topic for discussion some night when the moon is too bright for the big ape. He'll like it."

Fins and a tail! Well, he certainly never had noticed her as she was. Other men might turn for an appreciative second glance at her trim figure, or experiment with a light compliment on the unusual quirk of her smile, the alert brown of her eyes—but not Jeff Linwood. Oh, no, not Jeff Linwood. Jeff was going fishing.

"Wonderful fishing weather, you know. Moon's just right."

IT WAS nine o'clock when Mrs. Nesterson called through the door that breakfast was ready. Val crept reluctantly from her warm nest of blankets and dressed hurriedly in the clammy cold of her room.

The fishermen were returning. Young Peter stood on the porch, silently watching the canoe glide over the sunless water. Val smiled at him, letting her hand rest for an instant on a thin shoulder, and the boy said politely, "Good morning, Miss Smith."

She wondered for the hundredth time if he liked her, as she liked him. There was really no way of knowing. He was polite to everyone. His emotions were smothered under his cloak of shyness.

"Do you like it here, Peter?"

"Yes," he said. "Oh, yes!"

"I'm glad," Valerie said. "Jeff wants you to, so very much."

There were trout for breakfast, speckled beauties that averaged a pound apiece, but Jeff's description of their capture lacked his customary enthusiasm. Dave Nesterson, Val noticed, had a bandaged thumb. She asked about it. Dave appreciated such little attentions, especially when they gave him a chance to talk.

"The big one," he explained, "jabbed the hook into me just as I stuck my hand in the net. Do me good, I expect. As I told Mr. Linwood, it will keep me from thinking any more about my pesky rheumatism. Nothing like new troubles to make a man forget his old ones."

Jeff smiled, but was intently watching Peter. "Peter," he said suddenly, "how would you like to explore the upper end of the lake with me this morning? I saw a family of mallards up there yesterday, and found some otter tracks. How about it?"

Jeff's voice had an odd ring of urgency, and Val looked at him, sensing vaguely that the invitation was more than it seemed. Up to now, Jeff had been carefully casual in suggesting things for Peter to do, but now he was hunched forward, his strong shoulders bent above his plate, an impatient frown on his lips.

"I—I'd like to, sir," Peter said quietly.

"Good! We'll get started right after breakfast."

Valerie watched them go—just the two of them in Jeff's favorite canoe. The lake lay black and still, too still, under a bleak sky that held grey ghosts of gathering clouds. Peter sat stiffly in the bow, looking straight ahead as the slim craft slipped through the water.

"Why doesn't Jeff ask him to help paddle?" Val thought. "Perhaps he'd like to."

When the canoe had vanished around the point of pines at the waist of the lake, she turned back to the lodge sitting room. But she was restless and uneasy, oddly certain that something was about to happen. Jeff's impatience troubled her.

She tried to find chores to keep her occupied—emptied ash trays and aimlessly dusted the fireplace mantel, gathered up an assortment of fishing things which Jeff had left lying about. Pausing at a window, she saw the tops of the taller pines battling a rising wind. The sky was a moving mass of steel-grey.

## Typewritten Love Letter

By Jean Paul Talbot

Great-grandmother used a quill  
as dainty as a fan;  
Grandma used a steel nib  
utilitarian;  
Mother wrote with fountain pen,  
as modern as could be;  
Now I write to you at camp,  
pressing key by key.

Wouldn't great-grandmother gasp  
were she here to know?  
Wouldn't grandmother be shocked  
when I write my beau?  
Wouldn't even mother run  
for the pen and ink?  
... Darling, I no more than they  
dare say all I think!

clouds, growing darker and more ominous by the moment.

"It's going to storm," she thought. "They'll be caught in it." Why was she so on edge?

She tried to read, and was huddled in the rustic chair with a book when Mrs. Nesterson came timidly from the kitchen a short while later. The woman paused in the doorway, staring at her.

"Miss Smith, I—I'm worried."

"You, too?" So there was something! It was not entirely her imagination!

"I been talking to Dave," Mrs. Nesterson said hesitantly. "He didn't want me to tell you. He promised Mr. Linwood he wouldn't say a word to anyone, because Mr. Linwood was afraid you wouldn't approve of it."

"Approve of what, Mary?" Why in heaven's name couldn't the woman stop fidgeting and get to the point!

Mrs. Nesterson looked down at her hands. "It seems—well, when Dave got that hook stuck into him and said it would make him stop fretting over his rheumatism, like he said at breakfast, you remember—well, it gave Mr. Linwood an idea. Now he's going to make the little fellow find his way back alone from the end of the lake, to get him over thinking of his other troubles."

Panic caught at Valerie's throat. "Oh—no! He mustn't!" She was suddenly erect, running wildly to a window. "He mustn't do such a thing! It's going to storm!"

"That's what I told Dave," said Mary Nesterson, helplessly shaking her head. "But he says we've no right to interfere. The boy belongs to Mr. Linwood, he says."

Valerie ran to her room for the raincoat Jeff had told her she might need if

"Loon Cry weather kicks up a fuss." It had to be jammed far back in the miniature closet, of course! Clutching it, she rushed out again.

"Get Dave. Tell him I—" But suddenly she knew that wouldn't do. There would be an argument. At the very least, there would be delay while she struggled to overcome Dave's reluctance. She knew how to paddle a canoe, anyway. She had learned at camp, as a girl.

But almost as soon as she had pushed the canoe off the cradle of logs at the landing, she discovered a difference. A huge difference! The camp canoes had been heavy sturdy things. This slim craft, with the wind racing over the lake to scream at it, was like a frightened animal straining on a leash. And Loon Cry was three miles long!

The rain came when she had still half a mile to go. The windy sky was suddenly full of it. With every frantic thrust of the paddle, the canoe leaned and lunged, shipping water that swirled back and forth about her legs. But she kept on. She was almost there. She bit her lip and squeezed a reserve of energy from her aching back and shoulders. At last she manoeuvred the canoe into a tiny cove where the water was less turbulent, and saw Jeff's canoe drawn up on shore.

But where were Jeff and Peter?

WITH BARE knees thrusting angrily red through her stockings, she walked unsteadily along a pair of ruts that at one time must have been some sort of road. The pines and spruces grew thick, their tops a wind-tossed awning through which the rain leaked in great drops. Her voice, frantically shouting Jeff's name, was lost in the noise of the storm. She began running.

She followed the ruts a mile or more before Jeff Linwood's tall straight figure swung around a bend of a road ahead. He stopped short, scowling his astonishment. He caught her as she stumbled, breathless, against him.

"What in the world—"

"I've been searching for you, Jeff! It's about Peter. You mustn't. He—he isn't—" The look on his face stopped her, silenced her, as she was about to blurt out, "He isn't afraid that way. He's just lost—lost in a way you haven't understood." She didn't say it. Jeff's fingers had fastened on her arms and he was shaking her.

"Val, listen to me. Listen, I say! The boy is gone. He wandered away from the old lumber camp and I can't find him." His voice was raw with anguish. "Do you understand what I'm telling you? Peter's gone and we've got to find him. We're in for a bad storm!"

She understood it all, presently. He had spoken vaguely to Dave Nesterson about letting Peter find his own way back to the lodge, but it had been only a fragment of an idea, quickly discarded. He and Peter had come here to explore an old lumber camp a little way down the road. Jeff had gone foraging for firewood and returned to find the boy missing.

Val was relieved, in spite of Jeff's anguish. "But he can't have gone far, Jeff. Surely, in such a short time—"

"He wouldn't have to go far to be lost in these woods. I've shouted till I haven't a voice left. He doesn't answer. Lord knows where he is!"

Thunder rolled above the rushing

+ Continued on page 26



## BEAUTY CULTURE

*A Department of Style, Health and Personality*

# Beauty

## WHILE YOU WAIT

By JEAN ALEXANDER

**T**HERE CAN be no doubt about it—the baby business is booming!

What's that to do with beauty?

Lots, we say! "Like mother, like child," you know, and all that. And if you're having a baby, there are several obvious reasons why now's the perfect time to make the most of extra hours and extra leisure for your own beautification.

Let's check off the list and see what's to do. Got your feet up? Comfortable? Let's get going.

Happily for all of us, the old (mid)wives' tale about losing a tooth for every baby is in total disrepute. Time was, unfortunately, when every mother quite expected her molars to go, her hair to fall out. She was quite prepared to feel miserable and look ditto as a natural consequence of imminent motherhood. But not any more. Proper prenatal care, proper diet and a more sensible outlook on the whole matter have done wonders to keep us in shape. A sane and happy mental outlook is also stimulated by an adequate pre-baby program of correct proportions.

Those helpful cohorts of the medical and dental fraternities aver that a woman is frequently healthier and fitter when she's having her baby than at any other time. Sufficient hours of rest, plenty of the right foods—to mention but two of the factors—contribute to her well-being. So there you are, with a head start for the new beauty regime. If you feel better than you have for years, you ought to look better, too.

How's your hair-do? Are you keeping it up to par? Do you need a permanent? It will be nice for later, when you'll have less than no time at all for extra coiffure control.

Ten to one your crowning glory is really shining. Now's the time when you can get in that extra brushing (but don't wear yourself out). If you're avoiding the beauty parlors momentarily, you might anticipate the situation by choosing a hair style which is becoming, easily managed and uncomplicated. Having your perm long enough before the baby party to avoid fatigue is also indicated. Keeping your hair looking its very best will help with the rest of the beauty regime, too. Nothing can make one look and feel rattier than a dispirited hair fix.

Got time on your hands? How about a little home-manicuring? If your nails have been splitting and cracking, the chances are they've taken a turn now for the better. With the baby-anticipation diet including plenty of calcium and other needed minerals, they should be in better condition than they've been for ages. You might try some of the pretty new rosy polish shades; experiment till you find the tint you like best—even the dime stores



Maternity negligée courtesy The Robert Simpson Co.

Rick Twins surprise their dentist  
with proof that...

**PEPSODENT POWDER**  
makes teeth  
**32% BRIGHTER**  
than the next leading brand!

Pretty Margaret  
and Marilyn Rick,  
Twins, chorus:  
"Pepsodent's really  
'super'!"



"People always had a hard time telling us apart... in school, in the neighbourhood, anywhere! But, say... after Margaret won the toss to see who'd use Pepsodent, it was different! I chose to test another well-known brand, thinking there couldn't be much difference."

"Did I learn about tooth powders! Our dentist was skeptical at first... then amazed... when Pepsodent made Peg's teeth twice as bright as mine! He said he never saw anything like it! Neither did we! Pepsodent showed us how really bright teeth can be!"



...and the Rick Twins'  
Dentist says:

"Of course, I was skeptical. Pepsodent's claims sounded just too good to be true. However, this Rick Twin Test convinced me that the statement of The Pepsodent Company is accurate and truthful."



INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS  
FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE  
THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH  
LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT.  
BY ACTUAL TEST, PEPSODENT  
PRODUCES A LUSTRE ON TEETH  
**32% BRIGHTER**  
THAN THE NEXT  
LEADING  
BRAND!

For the safety of your smile... use Pepsodent  
twice a day... see your dentist twice a year

OF ALL  
TOOTH PASTES  
AND POWDERS

**Pepsodent**  
TOOTH PASTE

**ONLY PEPSODENT HAS IRIUM**

The Pepsodent Co. of Canada, Ltd.



rain clouds. Val found herself running to keep up with the man beside her, shouting with him in a voice that seemed pitifully small under the storm's smothering weight. "Peter! Peter, where are you?"

He might have gone exploring, Jeff said. There were trails leading out from the old camp, to one little lake or another, used by fishermen. Struggling to keep up, she crossed the lumber camp clearing with him. The rain beat through her coat, her clothes, chilling her, while about her the ghosts of old and tumbled buildings formed and vanished.

Jeff was angry. Not with Peter, really, for running away, but with himself, everything, the rain and the woods he so loved, the windfalls that tripped him, the pools of brown water that barred his way. He found relief in muttering. He caught up a stick and bludgeoned the barriers aside with it. Anger made him strong.

"I'll find him if I have to search a week!" he shouted.

It must be nearly a week now, Val thought miserably. Her legs were leaden. Each fallen tree that had to be climbed over seemed higher than the last. She was cold and exhausted; her teeth chattered. On and on she stumbled, challenging the fury of wind and rain with her feeble cry of "Peter! Peter, where are you?"

It had to be a little thing, a mere patch of mud in the trail. Her foot turned under her. She fell, her hands outflung to break the shock. But more than the fall was broken as her wrist bent under the impact.

Biting her lip, she struggled to rise. Jeff caught her swiftly as she collapsed. "You're hurt, Val! Oh, lord!"

THEN THE tears came, tears of self-condemnation and a strange helpless rage. On her feet, she thrust him away and screamed at him, hysterically, to go on searching for the boy. "You must! I'm not hurt, I tell you. I'll find my way back to the lumber camp and light a fire and wait for you. Jeff, you must!"

Jeff faced her in the rain, scowling, his legs spread wide and the storm yellowing his muddy face with brief flashes of lightning. For a moment he seemed undecided, confused, even angry. He had never seen this side of Val before, this very human side. Where was the competent secretary, the girl who knew all the answers? Was this she—stamping her foot and screaming at him, with tears pouring from a pair of eyes that were wide with fright?

He reached for her. "Be quiet," he ordered. "Rain won't kill the boy. He'll be holed up somewhere, scared stiff, but safe enough. Be quiet, Val! Stop sniffing!" Then, caught up in the strong lift of his arms, Val was sobbing against the wet, rough leather of his coat as he strode with her through the dark.

They had come a long way from the camp. He carried her the whole way

+ Continued on page 30

#### PATTERN DESCRIPTIONS

4314—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch; 2½ yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

4302—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 35-inch fabric and 1 yard 35-inch for contrasting bands. Price, 25 cents.

4300—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 35-inch or 3 yards of 39-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

4310—Sizes 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15 requires 3½ yards of 39-inch and ¾ yard of 35-inch or 39-inch for contrast. Price, 25 cents.

NEW...  
Don Juan  
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ONE  
POWDER...  
with the same ever-lasting  
qualities as DON JUAN Lipstick  
A sensational new idea has revolutionized the lasting and blending qualities of face powder. Don Juan Face Powder contains its own make-up base. Thus it stays on hours longer. And it is so finely "ATOM-IZED" that it blends instantly and perfectly with the skin. You can prove the magic of this new Face Powder in only 30 seconds. See today how much it glamorizes your own complexion. Available at all cosmetic counters. DeLuxe Size \$1.10. Trial Size 17¢.  
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Essential to hair hygiene!

Keep the hair perfectly clean and you keep it healthy. With hair health comes lasting beauty and admiration. The hygienic qualities of Evan Williams Shampoo have contributed greatly to its world-wide popularity.

**EVAN WILLIAMS**  
SHAMPOO  
15¢ 2 for 25¢.

**Oriental Cream**  
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applied to exposed parts will prevent sun and wind burn, giving an attractive appearance at all times.

White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan

**A CHATELAINE  
SERVICE BULLETIN**

FRESH AS A FLOWER  
Service Bulletin No. 19

What makes a woman attractive? Many things... a chuckling laugh, a serene brow, perhaps, expressive eyes, a lively vivacity or serene calm. All these make a woman attractive. But underlying every quality there is one which italicizes them and makes fragrant the charm of her womanhood. It is found in a fastidious devotion to personal cleanliness and to the small feminine details of her toilet. This bulletin furnishes you with the important little details that will keep you "as fresh as a flower". Price 5 cents. Write to Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



# FASHION SHORTS FROM NEW YORK

by Kay Murphy

**Home in Huntingdon (Que.).** On a recent visit I discovered an army of about three thousand men about a mile away from our home. Most of the soldiers I've seen to date in New York were parading to bands, but these Canadian lads were just too darn busy for anything but marching, target and bayonet practice, eating and sleeping. If any of you people reading this have boys at Huntingdon, hurry for you! In this place of barely 1,700 inhabitants, these boys have earned the wholesome respect of everyone. Those that I saw look very healthy and they tell me they are well fed and well housed. Kindly, well-mannered lads, all the kids and the dogs in the neighborhood regard anyone in khaki as a friend—and I think that is the highest compliment I can pay the Boys!

☆☆

**Shortages are Catching up** with us. I wanted to compare Canadian nylons with the stockings I have. "Oh, we haven't been getting nylons for a long time," I was told. "But we have some very nice lisle stockings here." They were nice. I find them finer in quality and neater in weaving—and from twenty to thirty cents cheaper than the ones we have in New York . . .

Montreal stores still have excellent selections in wearables, but they're narrowing down in "fad fashions." Which is all to the good. I can see you are all much too busy to be bothered with frills and flounces. If you are doing any fashion buying these days, before you buy say: Will I love you in December as I do in July?

☆☆

**Now is the Time** when you can prove you are really good fashion shoppers. No matter what you buy, buy carefully. The manufacturers are paying more for fabrics, trimmings and the like. Yet they are honestly trying to keep value up, at prices within the ceiling. But you cannot expect them to give you the same cotton dress at \$2.95 that you bought, comparatively, two and three years ago. The same applies to everything you buy. You have to expect that quality and selection will change. But you are the ones who will see that you get all you are entitled to. Watch your cotton fashions especially. Some cottons will give up the ghost after a few washings. Others will see you through this summer, and be all set to start you out well in 1943, too. It will be your job to pick the most for your money—not the least.

☆☆

**Read Cleaning Instruction Tags**—These aren't put on for fun. In almost all instances, if you read these tags carefully and follow instructions, you'll practically double the life of your garment. Some women have the happy knack of being able to wash pretty well anything from a room-size rug to a woollen skirt, and do it splendidly. Other heavy-handed Hannahs (and oh, am I one!) should try to have their things dry-cleaned by experts, or laundered by artists. This isn't the year to take chances and trust to luck. It

may be bad luck! If the instruction tag reads: Lukewarm water and a Cool Iron, follow this plan. If the tag suggests "Dry Cleaning," just don't kid yourself! Dry-clean it and save wear and tear on your clothing, as well as on your temper.

☆☆

**Going to the Beach For Your Vacation?** Oh, sure. You need a vacation this year more than ever. Don't lug along too much stuff. Hope you have a wool bathing suit for swimming—and make yourself a cute little patchwork quilt outfit for sunning yourself. Make it up with any old colorful scraps you have—and those "Crazy Quilt" play skirts are very gay to look at, and not at all hard to make. Wash 'em like Grandma's patchwork quilts, so don't worry about the laundering.

☆☆

**Carry Your Share For Victory** has brought out some very nice-looking and commodious handbags. Those fishnet ones are excellent, but I think them a bit drab. Try tying little bits of ribbon or colored wool in tufts all over them. Does wonders for smartening them up. Or knit or crochet one, very loosely, tie the colored tufts on it (all over) and make a snood for your hair to match. We call 'em "Shopping Snoods," and they're wonderful, especially if you still have not sacrificed your long bob for the Duration.



Photograph courtesy Courtaulds "Quality Control"

## WEEK-END IN THE GARDEN

You'll love puttering about the flowerbeds, or just sitting and looking your most beautiful self in a cool slack suit of rayon gabardine. This one tubs beautifully and comes in sun-fast shades.



These hot busy days take their extra toll of needed energy.



After work, step into a soothing and relaxing Palmolive Beauty Bath!

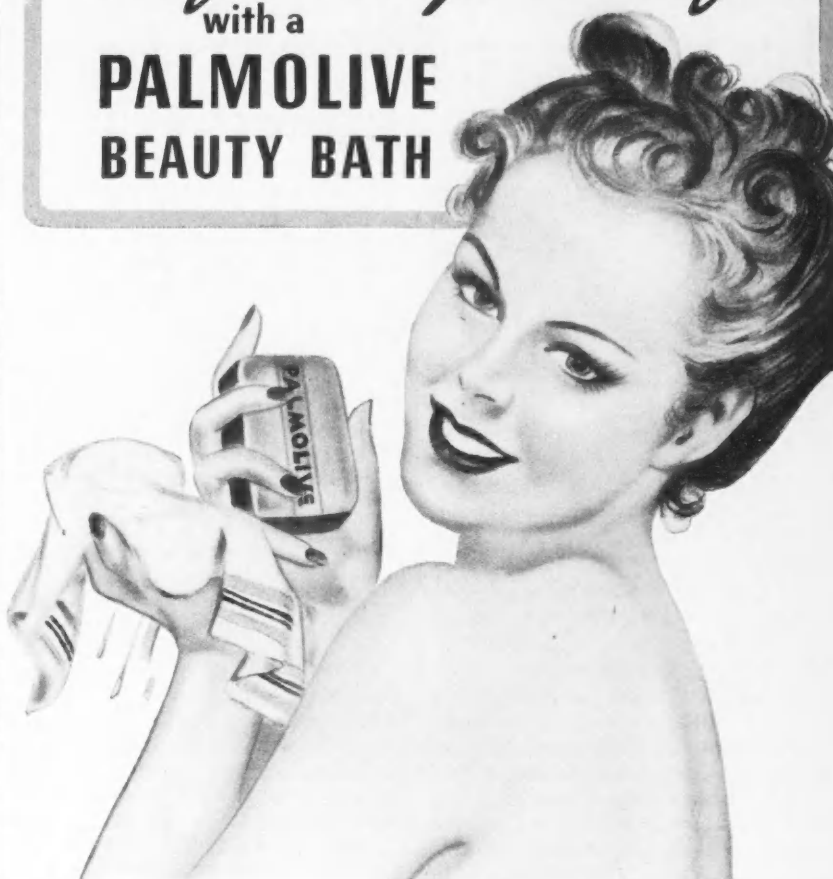


How heavenly to step out flower-fresh, youthfully schoolgirl all over.

## Refresh Yourself

with a

## PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BATH



**WHAT** a relief to get away from it all . . . the heat, the crowds, the whole nerve-jangling busy day! This is the moment you've been longing for. It's time for your refreshing Palmolive Beauty Bath!

As you smooth on Palmolive's beauty-rich lather you can just feel it easing away every trace of heat and stickiness—cleansing, soothing, relaxing every inch of you! Blessings on Palmolive's secret blend of Palm and Olive oils, two of Nature's finest, gentlest beauty aids.

Now, fresh from your Palmolive Beauty Bath, you're a woman reborn . . . rested, fragrant and flower-fresh—ready for that ever so important date!

FOR A

## Lovelier You

## Use Palmolive...

MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS — NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS



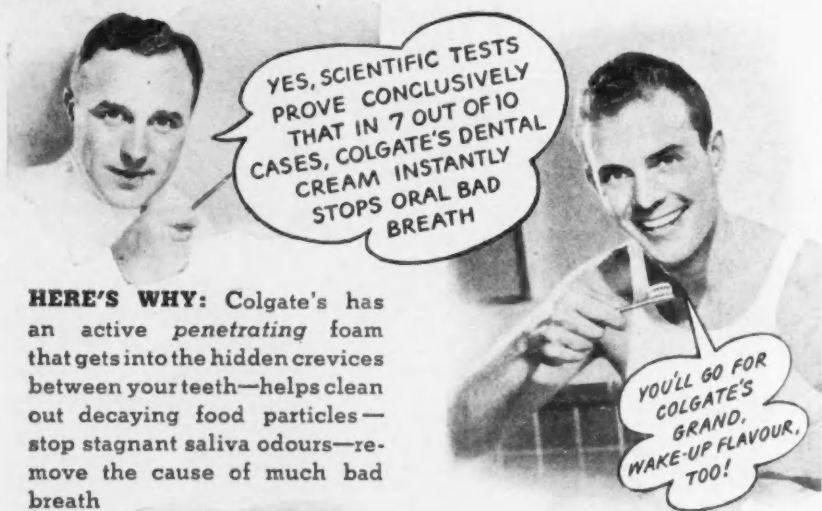
OLIVE OIL  
treasured for  
centuries as  
a natural  
skin beautifier

# IF IT'S KISSIN' YOU'RE MISSIN'

Check up  
on Your  
Breath!



Chances are, you're missing out because of Bad Breath—which **YOU** never even suspect you have! So switch to Colgate's Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!



**HERE'S WHY:** Colgate's has an active penetrating foam that gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odours—remove the cause of much bad breath



**BESIDES,** Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently... makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! No wonder people everywhere are quitting powders, liquids and other pastes for Colgate's Dental Cream!



have inexpensive tiny bottles which make the color testing economical, and fun besides. And there's nothing like buffing to step up circulation and make your nails and fingertips naturally lovely as they're meant to be.

Maybe your face has been letting you down—or have you neglected your complexion in the hectic rush of every day? Well, now's your chance to let life tear by while you absorb all the benefits of rest, relaxation, rejuvenation.

"One of the most important steps in improving the complexion is an intensive concentration on cleansing itself, as a beauty treatment to soften and refine the texture of the skin." So says one of Canada's most famous beauty authorities.

If your skin needs a bit of redoing, how about adopting her technique? She suggests a soft light cream and a cooling lotion which, together, take the place of soap and water. (Not that you'll spurn the primary cleansers entirely, but for a softening and definitely improving treatment the cream-plus-lotion idea is a refreshing one.)

First you take a pad squeezed out of cold water and moistened with lotion. Then you dip the pad in the cream and, beginning at the base of the throat, work up in long firm strokes, around the jawline, around the mouth, over the cheeks, around the eyes, across the forehead. After a thorough cleansing, you turn the pad wrong side out and wipe off the cream. A fresh pad of cotton dipped in the lotion is then used to pat gently all over the face till the skin fairly glows. It's a simple and easy recipe for refreshment, and leaves your skin feeling like a baby's.

Which reminds us—now that we're back to the baby business again—here are a few suggestions for good grooming which you might jot down for reference in the layette notebook:

Make up a miniature beauty kit which will help you while away your

first fortnight in the hospital after the baby comes. Maybe you won't have so much time later, but, while somebody else is taking the responsibility for your very new Pride and Joy, make the most of your chances. A few additions to the comb - and - toothbrush fundamentals might be a couple of small vials of eau de cologne (very nice to pat on the temples and rub into the palms of your hands); nail polish of a not-too-brilliant hue; curlers, to keep your back hair in check—provided you haven't had that permanent, and provided you don't use the ribbons off the baby's presents to tie up your bonnie brown locks; and lipstick (if you've never appreciated its effectiveness you will now). A pair of scissors, a deodorant, and a good hand mirror are other useful adjuncts in the beauty box.

Among these little things that count so much, you might list an eyebrow and eyelash dye. Especially if your natural ones need daily redoing to keep them looking properly dark and lustrous. A reputable beauty parlor should be able to fix you up well before the appointed day. And you'll find it no end of comfort to have brows and lashes that stay put in spite of the every-half-hour wash off which seems to be part of the well-ordered hospital routine.

There are dozens of other tips which ladies-in-waiting might well heed—such as getting plenty of rest and at the proper times (perhaps the progeny will catch on to the notion and sleep like a little angel at the prescribed periods); such as starting early with those reconditioning exercises calculated to make you svelte and sylph-like within a few weeks of the event. Your own doctor, of course, knows the answers to your questions.

But, if you want to be a beautiful mother, modern style—not Whistler—you can't start too soon. For everybody's sake—your own and the baby's included—how about starting now? +

## Beauty Brevities

**LOOKING AROUND** for a pretty little gift? How about the decorative cake of soap and box of talc tied together all ready for the "personal" shower basket? The fragrance is fresh and flowery—the same scent for both, of course.

Don't forget to tie a 'kerchief about your hair when you go out riding in the sun and wind. It will help prevent the drying effects of both and keep you looking neat and tidy, too.

If you're thinking of a lipstick, for the duration, you might consider the pretty "special" lipsticks in ornamental cases. Refillable, naturally. And a decorative addition to the beauty bag for a long time to come. Many of the makers have this extra nice lipstick, as well as the trusty day-by-day variety. A bit more expensive, but worth it for "looks!"

Don't you remember the wisp of perfume that always pervaded your mother's handkerchief box? It was a nice idea, too. Her perfume was as definitely a part of her as her handwriting, or her smile.

But in these days a woman wants variety. And it really isn't an extravagance to keep two or three bottles of

eau de cologne on the go—so long as you keep 'em firmly corked. When they're empty, drop them in your dresser drawers to keep up the good work.

There are several delightful body sachets available too. Like the ones used to scent cupboards and boxes, they're concentrated — only more so. You just rub them on the skin like a precious dusting powder. And even if (and when) you get all hot and bothered, your skin will remain pleasantly perfumed.

Some thoughtful soul has suggested it's a good notion to keep two complete sets of compact, lipstick, comb, and such—for both your black and your brown purses. Then, if you decide to change your plans, and your costume, in a hurry, your purse is all ready and set to go along. In these days of "no hoarding," it's doubtful whether you'll want to lay out for a complete second collection. But who hasn't an odd vanity case lying around—and an old lipstick case, for that matter—which needs only a new refill to make it usable?

What is it they say? "Use it up. Wear it out. Make it do!" +





## Dancing "Overtime" Use Odorono Cream for Sweetness Sake

• Like other Arthur Murray dancers, *Bunny Duncan* chooses Odorono Cream as her defense against underarm odor and dampness.

Odorono Cream ends perspiration annoyance *safely* 1 to 3 days! It's non-greasy, non-gritty, non-irritating! Generous 19¢ and 39¢ sizes. Get some today!

THE ODORONO CO., MONTREAL

I FULL OZ. JAR—  
ONLY 39¢



Gervais Wallace, of the Washington Studio, sparkling and fresh after hours of dancing!

**STOPS PERSPIRATION  
ANNOYANCE 1 TO 3 DAYS**



ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—  
REGULAR AND INSTANT

## STOP CORN MISERY!

Noted Doctor's Relief Does It Fast!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift aching pressure; send pain flying. Ease tight shoes; prevent corns. Separate Medications included for quickly removing corns. Cost but a few cents an application.



**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

sized bones, and in a smaller woman the added weight which had come with the years would have been downright fat. On her it was more like a solid muscularity, carried well to be sure, but none the less all adding up to a woman of mature stature who could by no stretch of the imagination be called slim.

Her hair definitely was beginning to show traces of grey. As part and parcel of the serenity of spirit she had possessed through the years, she was letting it grey as it would. Not that she scorned washes and dyes and rinses in themselves; she simply possessed no uneasiness of mind or heart that felt the need of them. Her world was good. She accepted it as such and let it alone.

She thought of Sandy. There was the way he wore his hat, the odd little mannerism of lifting one eyebrow and frowning with the other when he was perturbed. So many pictures flashed through her mind. Sandy, bending to lift one of the children; his profile, close to her and contented as they held hands like youngsters at the movies; the way he held his keys to the light to find the right one before he bent to open the door; the way he always dropped a kiss on her hair when he seated her at the table . . .

Perhaps she had assumed too much. She looked at herself without enthusiasm. Maybe she should have kept up better. Her mind rejected that scornfully, without quite obliterating the thought. Exercise, of course. But she always had thought frantic slimming courses and expensive massages as so much less important than all the other things they had needed to do with their money.

"You'd feel cheap, anyway, trying to 'win' Sandy with all that!" she told herself with contempt. She hadn't it in her to try to hold any man. If marriage isn't based on anything better . . .

She found, nevertheless, that she could not dismiss it all as easily as she had intended. She had been so secure, so sure! She even had been a little arrogant, she supposed, without quite realizing that it might be overconfidence in the midst of what she only thought was security.

By dinnertime she had not thrown off her preoccupation. She picked at her food—hungry enough, but thinking of the silhouette she had seen upstairs.

She looked at Sandy. He hadn't changed. He looked exactly as he had the day she was married to him, she decided. She knew it wasn't true, and yet that was the way she felt. Maybe that was it. Maybe men didn't change and women did. Or was it the other way round?

Sandy eyed her keenly, an eyebrow raised. "Smatter? The fair Lucy too much for you?"

"Nope. Same as always."

"She's been readin' too much. Probably nibbling at them chocolates you keep getting her," Norah intervened quickly. She proffered Judith a plate of the cinnamon rolls that had justly brought her fame. "Now don't go sayin' y'don't be wantin' one of these."

"What'd Lucy want?" Sandy persisted in the way he had of not giving up when he was after information. "All het up 'bout Miss Judy's old beau who's coming," Norah answered for her. "You'll be rememberin' that Russ Emerson."

# WHAT TO DO

—in air raids

—with incendiary bombs

—in first aid . . .



# FREE

(with every Lysol purchase) for limited time only. Go to your druggist for your copy. He has a supply NOW. Get this valuable new booklet before you start your Summer Offensive against dirt—and germs. Pages on household disinfection, as well as emergency needs.



**First Aid . . .** Use Lysol solution (2 teaspoonfuls Lysol to 1 pint water) for cuts and all minor injuries. Every mother and housewife ought to study the First Aid rules in "Wartime Manual for Housewives".



**Sick Rooms . . .** Disinfect sick rooms, and everything the patient touches, with Lysol solution. Get your copy of "Wartime Manual for Housewives" for expert advice on care of shock, fainting, etc.



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**Lysol**  
Disinfectant

FOR GENERAL HOUSEHOLD USE,  
AND FEMINE HYGIENE.



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✦ Continued on page 35



## JULY IS THE MONTH for Tampax!



NO BELTS  
NO PINS  
NO PADS  
NO ODOR

**J**ULY is really a hot, chafing month and Tampax gives sanitary protection in non-chafing form. So, if you have never worn Tampax before, July is the time to start! Tampax is worn internally. It cannot show a "line" or a bulge, even with a swim suit or a 1942 gown, and Tampax lets a busy woman keep on the go without pin-and-belt worries.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor. Made of surgical cotton and very absorbent, Tampax comes in dainty sealed one-time-use applicators. Your hands never need touch the Tampax! You can dance, swim, use tub or shower... No odor can form; deodorants are not needed. And Tampax is so compact to carry and convenient for disposal! Keep a supply in the bureau drawer, and if you are an office girl, keep it in your desk too.

Sold at drug stores and notion counters in three sizes—Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory box, 25c. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain. Don't wait for next month. Start using Tampax now!

3 SIZES  
REGULAR  
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Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10c (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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## Someone to Care For

Continued from page 26

back without stopping to rest. She saw his face when the lightning painted it, his mouth drawn white, his eyes troubled. He kept glancing down at her. He kept saying, "Easy, Val. Easy now."

Once, wonderingly, he whispered, "Good lord, is this real, or am I dreaming?" Or did *she* dream that?

Only one of the ancient camp buildings still had a roof. Inside, Jeff laid her on the remains of a bunk, then knelt beside her and looked anxiously at her wrist. It was lumpy and shot through with pain. He winced as though the pain were his.

"You need a doctor."

Val stubbornly shook her head. A doctor? The wrist pained, yes—but to get a doctor he would have to return to the lodge for the car, then drive miles over an atrocious road to the nearest telephone. And Peter was lost. She tried to make him understand. "I—I can wait, Jeff. Go find Peter. Please!" "I won't leave you here alone!"

"It's nothing. I'm strong as a horse, I tell you." She tried unsuccessfully to push him away. "Please, Jeff."

His struggle to reach a decision was pitiful. Exhausted, he knelt there beside her, gripping her shoulders, struggling to find the right words. His eyes were dark with concern for her. Not the all-inclusive, age-old instinct of protection, male for female, but a particular and precious concern of Jeff Linwood for *this* woman. His hands trembled. A line of moisture edged his mouth.

"I can't go blundering off and leave you here alone, Val. Don't you see I can't? He'll be all right. The storm will pass. We'll find him. You—you're hurt—and I—"

He was no good at that kind of talk. He spoke like an embarrassed roughneck little boy struggling with lines of poetry, in a desperate hurry to be done before someone could laugh. He meant what he said, and managed somehow to say it, to say it all, but the words were exploding sparks, bright but patternless.

The words didn't matter. The important thing was the plea for understanding in his eyes, the trembling of his hands on Val's shoulders, the urgency of his voice as he leaned above her.

Val forgot the pain in her wrist. She reached for him, smiling through tears of happiness. "After you—after you've kissed me, Jeff," she whispered, "go find Peter. But kiss me first. That's all I need."

HIS KISS was clumsy, and there was mud mixed up in it. After a moment in which the mud miraculously ceased to matter, there was something else mixed up in it also. A sudden gust of rain from the opened door. A gasp of surprise. The voice of nine-year-old Peter, shocked clean of its politeness, exclaiming, "Gee! Oh, gee!"

Jeff reluctantly took his arms from about her, and they turned.

"I—I've been looking for you, sir," the boy said, recovering.

He was very wet. His clothes were bramble-torn, his face wore scratches and a look of wonder, of delight, of something else that was not quite classifiable but came under the general

## did he mean... doggy legs



or doggie legs?

Was his remark candidly canine... or was he being sweet and complimentary?

If there is any question in your mind, lady, then you'd better get NEET, today! For NEET cream hair remover will quickly remove both uncomplimentary hair and doubt simultaneously.

Simply apply this cosmetic cream hair remover to your legs, or under your arms, or forearms... leave it for a few minutes... then rinse off. NEET leaves the skin satiny, white, and pleasantly scented. No sharp razor stubble to mar the contours of lovely legs, or create runs in sheer hose when NEET is used. Nor does NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of new NEET today from your department, drug, or ten cent store.

Better Get  
neet today

heading of Pride in Self. Almost boldly he marched toward them.

"I got lost, sir, when I followed a queer little animal that waddled out of one of the buildings. A porcupine, I think it was. I was a long way from here, closer to the lodge, when I finally found the lake, so I went there instead. But Mrs. Nesterson said you and Miss Smith would be frantic, so I came back here, against orders. I've been hunting for you all over, sir."

"Good lord!" Jeff said softly. "In this storm!"

"I—I wasn't afraid, sir. Not really."

Valerie knew then that she had been right. "He never was afraid in the way you thought, Jeff," she said with certainty. "Don't you see? He was lonely, not frightened. Through all those terrible weeks in England he took care of Paula. Then she was taken from him and he had no one who *needed* him. He was lost."

Jeff had trouble with that, but only for a moment; not long enough for the boy to sense his perplexity. Suddenly his hands were on Peter's shoulders.

"Peter, we're grateful. Heaven knows what we'd have done if you hadn't found us. Miss Smith is hurt. I couldn't have left her alone here while I went for help, and I was too far gone to carry her to the lodge. Now that you're here, I can go for Dave."

"God bless you, Jeff," Val thought.

"You take good care of her, Peter boy," Jeff said, man to man. "It's more important than you think. It's—well, like this." Before Peter he knelt, took her in his arms and kissed her. "You see, son?"

The boy's eyes shone as they never had before. The tears that came suddenly to his eyes were tears of a new kind, of happiness. "Yes, sir!" he replied. +

## These Men!

Continued from page 15

WHY, IN all the years of their married life Sandy and she never had had one violent quarrel. Oh, they had disagreed, of course. They weren't jellyfish. And once or twice they had been really angry with each other. But not at the same time. And they never had done cruel things nor said them. They loved each other. They loved their home and their children. Never once in an unstable world had they thought of their marriage as anything that would not endure. It was built on rock. Never once had they thought of divorce, of separation. All their friends spoke of them...

Judith slowly corrected herself. She never had once thought of divorce. She never had, even once, packed her bag, not even in the purposeless dramatization of a difficult moment. She hadn't wanted to. She was, after all, an adult.

But Sandy?

Had she taken too much for granted? In a changing world had she just assumed that he felt the way she did, that he had not changed? How could you know what really went on in another person's mind, no matter what they said and did?

"Well, it's a new idea," she admitted. She scrutinized herself in the mirror. She did not find too much of reassurance.

She saw a woman who just escaped being tall, but who nevertheless gave the impression of largeness. She had good-



The other vital part of your wardrobe is your shoes. There are no special ones, but do get good walking shoes with low (not flat) heels and ankle support. Laced oxfords are really the best thing. And you can have a lighter pair of slippers with low heels for prettying up. Don't get into the habit of slopping around in bedroom slippers all day just because you're staying at home. Bad for your feet as well as for you and your family's morale.

## a Baby...

Sketches by Margaret Fax.



Now is the time for the prettiest, gayest housecoat you can find.

### When to Get Your Clothes

Don't rush right off and buy your dresses or patterns. For the first few months you can wear your own things, and you'll want to get right into working on the little garments—pink or blue according to your hopes. Besides, no matter how gently you say it, the last four months or so are going to tick by fairly slowly. And you're going to feel as though you wear your "special" clothes a lot longer than you do. So when you find yourself struggling with fasteners and tight seams—that's the time to buy some new things.

If you live in a fairly big city, there's sure to be a special maternity department in one of your local stores. I've visited several, and in case you hesitate

The once indispensable "butcher boy" has given way to new draped fashions.



Clothes courtesy The Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.

because of the price angle, let me say the highest-priced dress I've seen is \$14.95. Most of them are considerably less.

As to maternity dress patterns, you know, don't you, that you order by your own regular size rather than trying to figure out your new proportions, either present or prospective? Let the pattern designers and the dressmakers figure those things out for you.

If you want to make shift with some of your present things, you can take a redingote and put a false front in it. Or you can let out a skirt band and wear a bright-colored smock for a while. But even if you can buy only one dress, you'll be well advised to get one especially designed to see you through. You'll find maternity clothes cleverly cut to fit into the latest fashion trends, but with their own invaluable features. For instance, the butcher boy smock outfit, which for a few years became almost a uniform, is pretty outdated. The new drapings, side cuts and softly folded surplises are right in line for maternity designing. There are lovely afternoon frocks in rayon crepes, in the softest blues, rose, beige and so on, with elasticized and extended hooking arrangements that you'll find as pretty as they are useful.

There are two or three important things to avoid. Stay away from big patterns, bright belts, catchy buttons and gadgets. Have your trimming at the top of the dress so that the eye will be taken up to your face.

This is your time to wear a soft and pretty nosegay of flowers on your lapel or at your throat line. Your hat should be pretty and as eye-catching as possible. If you have a full-hanging tweed coat or an open front style in lighter fabric, with revers, you'll be glad of it now.

Be sure to get the prettiest negligee you can find. A softly draped dressing gown in pastel shades is your best bet. A fluffy bed jacket or two won't do you any harm. One of the new little coffee coats, shown here, is a good housecoat. And by the way—just to prove our designers believe in modern mothers-to-be—they've designed a new adjustable type of slacks that you can wear under a pretty smock!+

# The Memory Lingers On



**This was it... the real thing...** the night you dreamed about ever since freckles and pigtales.

And now you re-live every precious minute...

That look in his eyes when you floated down the staircase... your hair a perfect picture, your new formal so swish and shimmery and gay.

You could tell he was proud as punch dancing with you... from the tilt of his head and the way he held you close. And how he sulked, when the stag line caught up with you!

Then like the climax to a great play he suggested a stroll in the moonlight. You felt like a leading lady, walking with him on the terrace...

And to think you almost didn't go tonight... almost called it off! You'd never have forgiven yourself!

If it hadn't been for Jane, you'd have let trying days of the month rule your life! But remember how she popped in and laughed at your worries and woes... made you promise to switch to Kotex sanitary napkins?

As she put it—it's comfort you want most, and most everyone knows Kotex is *more comfortable!*

Because Kotex is made in soft folds, it's naturally less bulky... more comfortable... made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

Then, too, Kotex has flat, pressed ends that do away with bumps and bulges. And a new moisture-resistant "safety shield" for added protection. No wonder your lingering doubts and fears vanished completely!

So you've decided that from now on Kotex is "a must." Now you know why it's more popular than all other brands of pads put together!



**Be confident... comfortable... carefree**  
—with Kotex\*!



\*TAIN'T IN TEXT BOOKS! Where's a girl to learn about her "problem"... what to do and not to do on difficult days? The new free booklet, "As One Girl To Another" tells all. Just mail name and address to Canadian Cellucotton Products Co. Ltd., Dept. 147, 330 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

(★ Trade Mark Reg. Can. Pat. Off.)

# Maureen O'Hara

tells you about her Complexion Care



RKO RADIO STAR

## How this Popular Screen Star takes care of her Priceless Complexion

THERE'S glamor in a clear, fresh, youthful skin. Screen stars must cherish theirs wisely. Charming Maureen O'Hara uses Lux Toilet Soap for her daily facial cleansing. "Pat the lather in with upward strokes and little pats," she advises. "Rinse with warm water then a dash of cold. Pat the face lightly to dry."

Use Lux Toilet Soap regularly as the screen stars do. Whipped Cream Lather carries off stale cosmetics, dust and dirt...leaves your face smooth to touch, fresh-looking.

Use Lux Toilet Soap for a daily beauty bath, too. It makes

you sure of perfect daintiness. Its thrilling, luxurious perfume leaves a delicate, sweet fragrance on your skin... a subtle sweetness that clings.



A LEVER PRODUCT

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



does give you a kind of good looks you've never had before in your life.

The most important item of your whole wardrobe is your girdle. So if it's at all possible, get it fitted by a corsetiere. If you live out of town, make this one of your big chores when you come in, say, in the fourth or fifth month, for a shopping, medical, dental survey. You should be able to get

## If You're Going to Have

Our Fashion Editor helps you select the right clothes to keep you looking smart and comfortable "for the Duration"

"diapers and bassinets await the gal who fascinates"

THUS RHYMES Ogden Nash. My orchid goes to the gal who still fascinates while she's waiting for the diapers and the bassinets.

For this, as grandmother used to say, is something of "a trying time" for the female of the species.

The question now is, how to feel and look your best in the months ahead?

Let's settle down to three or four basic truths. First of all, that ego of yours is going to move over to make room for another passenger. Therefore there's the new danger of forgetting little old You in your absorption with this prospective third party.

Second, your figger is going to go through some fairly rapid and amazing changes, and needs all the help and encouragement you can give it, to stand the gaff and shift back to your natural glamorous self when the sound of trumpets has died away.

Third (though heaven forbid that we should sound like the confession magazines), that husband of yours may get a few nose-out-of-joint fitters. Especially if he's relatively new at the job.

Ask that older woman you know whose married romance seems to have veered a bit to windward somewhere in the past, and she may quite possibly tell you something like this:

"Maybe I didn't pay enough attention to George when the first baby was on the way. I looked so awful I hated to go anywhere with him."

### Foundations For Comfort

So let's talk about *not* looking awful. About looking, as a matter of fact, very attractive in a "different" sort of way. Because, of course, you can't compete with the slender willows. But you can be comfortable, neat and attractive. And don't forget you've got an ace up your sleeve. Old Mother Nature, being pretty absorbed in the reproduction business, lends you an extra healthful shine that

specially designed girdles from around three dollars up. There are two or three excellent types at about six-fifty, if you can manage that. The important thing is that you need abdomen and back support if you are to go about your routine as nearly as possible as usual. Your doctor will give you advice about posture and exercises, and perhaps he will have something to say about the type of foundation garment too. Ask him anyway. A tremendous lot of "getting back to normal" afterward, as far as your figure goes, depends on it.



Coats with fullness hung from the shoulder are a natural for the expectant mother.

There are special brassieres, too—ones with front lacing that can be let out. And here's an interesting point: you can get them with rubber lining and good uplift, along with front fastening, for those important nursing days afterward.

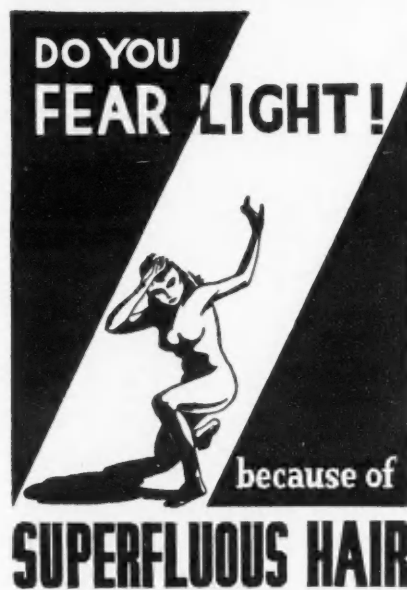




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I too, had the embarrassment of a difficult superfluous hair problem on face and limbs. Fortunately I found a way to bring me happiness and I shall be glad to pass this knowledge on to you just for the asking. Now, no one can tell by looking at me that I have ever been troubled with unwanted hair, and if you follow my advice, no one need know of your superfluous hair problem.

It's all done so simply, daintily, and painlessly that you'll be amazed. Now you may show the natural beauty of your complexion and skin when unmarred by hair. So if you have tried other methods and haven't been fully satisfied don't wait another day.

**FREE—Send No Money**

Write for my FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", which gives the information you want and proves the actual success of my method. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer—no obligation of any kind. Address Madame Annette Lanzetta, 93-95 Church Street, Dept. C237, Toronto, Canada



## These Men :: Continued from page 31

"Oh, him."

The children took it up.

"Mom's old beau! Not the Russ Emerson, Pops?" This was seventeen-year-old Lillian. She took a current events course at the university and knew all sorts of odd things about the world. The way she breathed Russ Emerson's name told a great deal of that gentleman's exploits in the last few years. "How'd you ever get her away from him?"

"I just love the emphasis on the *you*, chicken," Sandy said dryly. "My natural charm, of course. And don't get asthma over him. He was anaemic and not too bright. He was going to change the world. He thought he could improve it."

"I don't believe it!" Lillian looked at her mother with a new perspective. "Tell us about him, Mom."

"Just like a woman," Ed said in fifteen-year-old disgust. "Gosh sakes, what'd you care?"

"There isn't anything to tell," Judith said, smiling faintly. "I haven't seen him since—well for a long time. I wouldn't know him if I saw him."

"I never really saw him after that time your father came to town unexpectedly and barged in on my date with him," she might have said. Her mind went back to that night when Sandy had cheerfully invited himself along with them . . . and had taken her home. There never had been anyone for her except Sandy since that night. But how about him? Had he felt that way, too. She always had thought so; he had said it enough times. And yet . . .

SHE STILL was wondering the night of the dinner for Russell Emerson, two weeks later. Odd how an idea, out of the blue, could fasten itself on you so that you could not shake it off.

"You be going along and rest this afternoon," Norah said crossly, "or you'll look like something the cat dragged in. You don't want that Russ Emerson to be thinkin' he's glad you didn't marry him."

"I ought to help you finish those bookcases, Norah, and that desk cupboard. There's all sorts of stuff that should be thrown out, and I deserted you this morning. As for Russ . . ." She shrugged eloquently. Russ had been a favorite of Norah's, so there was no use talking about him. If he ever had been able to stir her pulses, that time was long since gone.

She went upstairs, leaving Norah to finish the housecleaning of the desk and bookcases. She rested as best she could, but by the time she started to dress she was downright jittery. The dieting she had been doing these past two weeks would have horrified a physician, and her hands trembled as she put up her hair in the new coiffure Robert had designed for her.

"Silly fool, trying to look like an eighteen-year-old," she muttered at herself. "Be yourself, Judy. This sort of thing isn't for you. You'll look idiotic in that rig."

But she did not look either silly or idiotic. There was, to be sure, a trace of strain around her eyes, but the hairdo was smart and becoming and the lost ten pounds made an impression. At least she could get into a dress a size smaller.

"It had better be good," she thought, making a moue at her flushed cheeks and darkened eyes. "I paid twice too much for that dress. And Sandy'll probably never even notice it!"

She waited, nevertheless, for his footstep. The lights in the room were subdued, and all this did make a difference. She didn't have too much self-respect, but perhaps she should have done this long ago.

There was a rapid purposeful step in the hall. He was coming. She turned toward the door expectantly.

But Sandy did not give even one glance either to the new coiffure or to the expensive and lovely gown of fuchsia-colored silk jersey with the large brilliant clip.

His face was a thundercloud.

"Why, what in the world?" she thought. "That isn't Sandy!"

His jaw was set. His usually pleasant mouth was forbidding, a stern line.

"What," he said coldly, "is this?"

His tone was not exactly ominous, but it was expectant. And there was nothing of warmth in it.

Probably he had had a hard day. Labor troubles on top of everything else. She might have known he wouldn't even see her.

"What is what?" she said, and went on drawing an emery board across a perfectly manicured nail. She had spent the entire morning at Robert's and much good it did her.

"This thing. I found it on the living room floor."

In his hand he held a picture, a snapshot. She took it from him casually. "Something of the children's, I suppose," she said. She glanced at it in a cursory fashion and started to put it down. Suddenly her hand froze.

IT WAS an old snapshot, faded a little and somewhat soiled.

Her mind worked swiftly. Norah must have taken the things out of the desk cupboard and dropped this from an old album when she put them back.

"Why . . ." She looked up, ready to laugh. Then she saw Sandy's face. For one awful moment she wanted to lie.

She wanted to say, "Why, I don't know . . . someone from high school days, I suppose." But she wasn't in the habit of lying to Sandy. Anyway, he knew.

She looked again at the picture. She scarcely could repress a smile at the cocky stance, the high stiff collar and the close-fitting suit and its difficult trousers! But something told her this was no time to laugh.

What was there for her to say?

She had not seen that picture in years; she had even forgotten that she had it. When she married Sandy she had destroyed most of the pictures she had. Apparently she had missed this one.

"It's a picture of Russ Emerson," she said.

Sandy waited.

"I—I didn't even know I had it." She was furious that the explanation sounded lame, as though it were an excuse. "Norah was cleaning out the desk cupboard . . ." Her voice drifted off into silence under her husband's heavy scrutiny. She rose and threw it carelessly on his dresser. No use saying anything more.



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## New Tricks in Trimmings

WITH NEW basic lines in style pretty well set by priorities and fabric restrictions, your ingenuity has a chance to crop out in the cleverness with which you use bits of trimming.

Here are some of the new examples of simple patterns which use trimming most effectively. No. 4314, for instance, trims the neckline of a smart convertible collar with gathered front, and extends the trimming down to the waist, as well as along the shoulders. This will give you a longer waist-to-skirt look. No. 4302 is perfect

for the too tall girl, with bias bands trimming the jacket blouse and flared skirt. No. 4300 buttons-to-waistline, simulated pocket flaps and an inset belt for smart touches.

For the long slender bodice look, try No. 4310, with a contrasting band down the blouse top, and around the hemline. Pattern descriptions on page 26.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.



that kind of marriage. There always would be younger and fresher women. There would be years when no other man would find her particularly desirable. Sandy must want her as she was or not at all.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I won't go." Then she added, "You don't need to worry. I've never cherished any secret yet for Russell. I'm not likely to begin now."

He came over to her and put his arms around her. "It isn't that I don't trust you, Judy. You know that. And I don't blame that conceited oaf for thinking you're pretty swell. I do myself. It's just that . . . well, there's one marriage in the world no one can point a finger at, thank heaven, and I don't want 'em to begin. You know Lucy and that bunch of cats! You and I have something everyone doesn't have, old lady."

There was an oddly constrained, almost a humble note in his voice. She leaned against him, her arms around his neck.

"Russell Emerson doesn't mean a thing in the world to me, Sandy," she said honestly. "He never did—not after the first day I saw you. You can believe that. I don't lie to you."

He was contrite now, all the constraint gone. "Oh, I didn't mean that I thought that he ever—that you ever thought very much of him. But . . ."

Judy smothered a desire to laugh. Why, Sandy was only jealous of now. He didn't really believe that there ever had been anything between her and Russ Emerson to be jealous about until tonight! Her eyes, veiled from him, looked bemusedly down the years to the day that picture had been taken. That had been the day she had told Russ she was going to marry Sandy. Neither of them was likely to forget it. Well, there were some things a wife didn't have to tell.

"You can't blame a girl for wondering," she said. "Twenty years can make a lot of changes." Then she added, surveying herself in the mirror, "Sandy, do you think I've grown too fat?"

He snorted. The moment of tension was over. "You're no different than you've always been. I'm going down in a few minutes and get me a cheese sandwich. I never got enough to eat at that club in my life. Want one?"

She came back from the shower room just as he was tying his dressing gown. She slid in between the sheets, stretched out in bed, a little sadly. Well . . . compromise . . . It wasn't fun to wonder if you were adequate, nor to accept poor substitutes.

"No, not me." Then she remembered the yawning cavity that had been one huge gnawing void for the past two weeks. "But I'd love a piece of choco-

late cake. Norah made a fresh one today."

He shuffled out, his mules making a slap-slap against the bare floors between the throw rugs.

"You're no different than you've always been," he had said.

"I don't feel any different, anyway," she thought. "Oh, I ought to have some milk with that cake."

SHE SLIPPED out of bed and down the stairs after him. She reached the hall leading to the kitchen just as Norah came out of her room off the far end of the kitchen. Norah never really got to sleep until they all were settled for the night.

Sandy was putting his finger to his lips, signalling Norah to silence. He was slashing at the cake. His whisper was that of one conspirator to another.

"You had the right idea, Norah," he said, very pleased with himself. "She fell for it like a ton of bricks. And did that Emerson ass help me out without knowing what he was doing! Thanks a million for digging out that picture for me."

"A woman needs to be knowing she's important," Norah said. "Specially when someone's tryin' to make her think she isn't."

"I'm glad you told me. But if that Lucy Endicott comes around here again, you throw her out, do you hear? Judy, the blessed idiot, might really take her seriously, and we can't have her bothered with rot like that. Anyway, I can't keep up this Othello act forever. She's too darned sweet. Made me feel like a heel."

Norah settled her dressing gown around her ample figure and brought him a plate and a glass. "It's arsenic I'll be feedin' that one if ever she be comin' round again with her silly tales," she said darkly. "Here, be cutting a bigger one than that. And don't be forgettin' the milk. Miss Judy likes it with devil's food."

Judy fled upstairs, praying that she would not trip on the folds of her gown. She was in bed when Sandy came in with a tray, loaded to the gunwales. He was still proud and pleased with himself.

"Here, you menace. Sink your teeth in this."

Her world was secure again. She need never have left it, even for a moment. Judith looked at him serenely, but behind the serenity in her eyes there lay a very great tenderness. Dear Sandy. And Norah. All this, to make her feel important again.

"Thank you, sir," she said lightly. "I love you very much, Sandy."

He propped a pillow behind her back and dropped a quick kiss on her hair.

"And that goes double," Sandy said very gruffly indeed. +

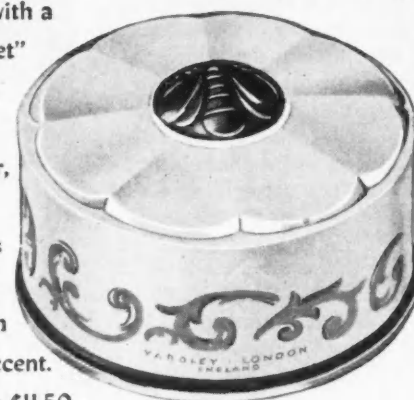


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## Our Cover

As a midsummer feast for the eye, we've taken a few brilliant blossoms and arranged them in casual modern style. Some of the flowers you'll find in your own garden: those orange calendulas, and perhaps the twin of that gorgeous rubrum lily. To add variety we tucked in a few callas, red carnations, giant philodendron leaves, and those hooked-end scarlet anthuriums whose native home is South Africa. Helen Simpson, Toronto floral artist, who collaborated in the arrangement, draws special attention to the purple and white anemones which "tie" the whole composition together—as the experts say!





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**'DETTOL'**  
(TRADE MARK)

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Sandy picked it up by one edge as though it had been soaked in potassium cyanide, and carried it to her dressing table. He laid it down gingerly, with distaste. His face was eloquent. He dressed in silence.

The dinner distinctly was not a success for Judith.

They were just inside the club when a strange man came up to her with both hands outstretched.

"Judy Tallman!" he said, grasping her firmly and drawing her into the light. "Why, you haven't changed a bit! Judy, Judy, it's good to see you!"

"It's good to see you, too, Russ," she said coolly, wishing he would go back to the ends of the earth and quit staring at her like that. "It's Judith Barton now, you know. This is my husband. You remember Russell Emerson, Sandy."

"Yes," Sandy said briefly, as though he refused to commit himself too much. "How do you do?"

"Of course I remember you." Russell Emerson gave him a cursory inspection and a rapid handclasp. "Judy, you've got to sit by me. We've a thousand things to say."

Russell Emerson was not used to coolness. He managed things, as always, with a high hand. Judith must sit by him. He had changed the place cards—oh, that funny Mrs. Endicott had said he could—Judy must dance with him, after his talk. "You don't mind, old man? We grew up together, you know."

"Not at all," Sandy said with distinct courtesy.

Russell Emerson, flushed with world triumphs and the acclamation of the crowd, had never been more handsome, never more eloquent, never more sure of himself. Sandy sat through his speech looking as though he would like to heckle.

THEY RODE home in chilly silence.

Judith slowly drew off the long earrings, laid them on her dressing table. "These men!" she thought.

As though she cared a whoop about that conceited Russ Emerson. What if he had cut in on her so much? Sandy needn't have cut back every two minutes.

This wasn't what she wanted, not this jealousy. It wasn't good enough. You can't go on being jealous of someone for years . . . they hadn't built their marriage in a pattern like that anyway.

And yet, with a small secret sense of shame, she felt a slow sense of satisfaction. Oh, she didn't like it; she had not intended it that way. She would have thought it a cheap trick. But if Sandy cared . . .

"Judith," he said in a constrained voice, speaking for the first time since they had entered the house after the silent drive home, "I . . ."

"Yes?"

"I happened to hear that Emerson chap ask you to lunch tomorrow."

"Yes. He did."

"I hope you won't go."

She raised an eyebrow. "No?"

"I'd prefer it if you wouldn't. You were—well, to put it mildly—a little conspicuous tonight. I had to grin at the man like a Cheshire cat all evening to keep people from talking. Some of them know that you and he—that—"

Russell meant nothing at all to her now. Perhaps she was having her chance. Possibly she ought not to let Sandy know how little Russ had meant to her. But, after all, she didn't want

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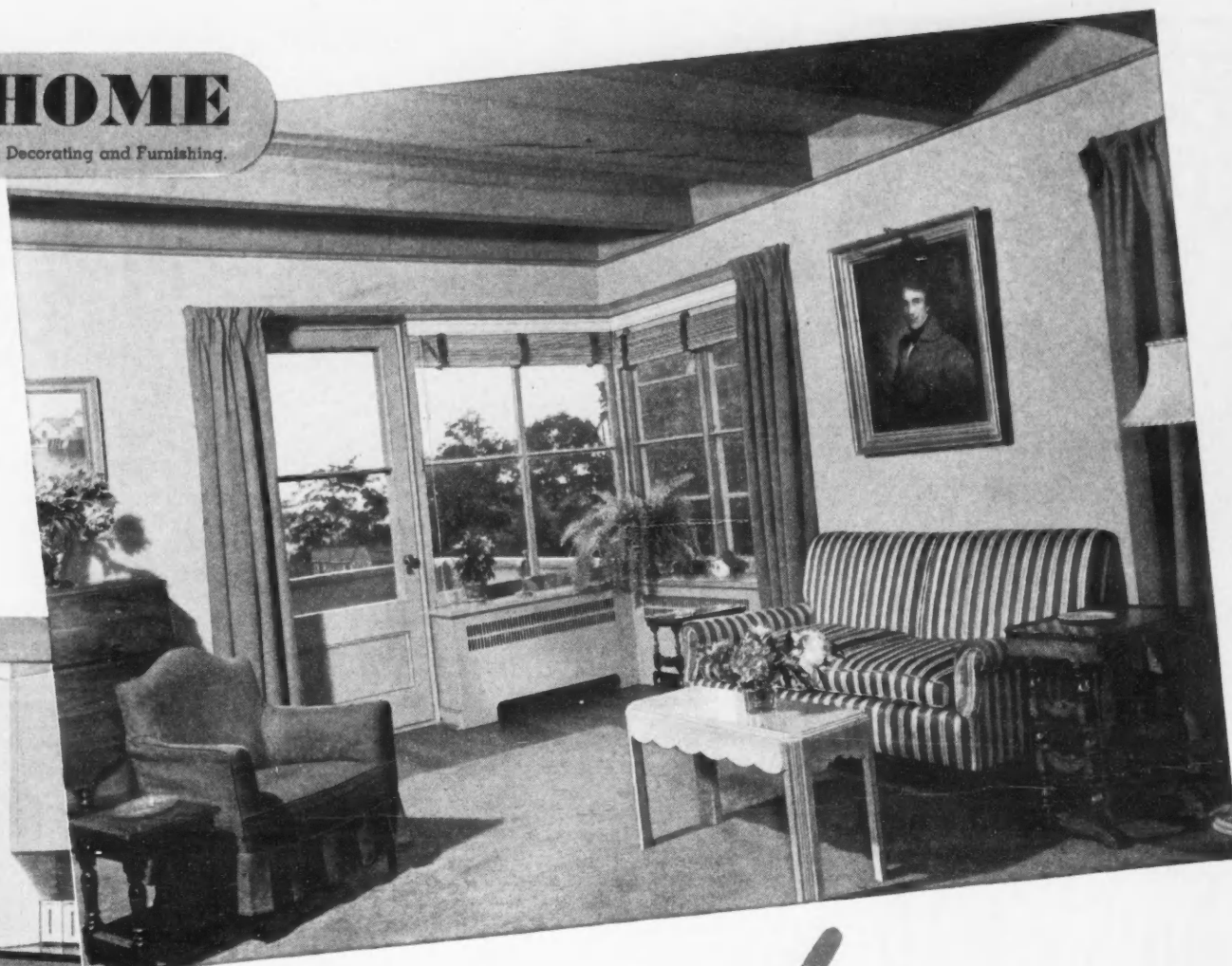
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# YOUR HOME

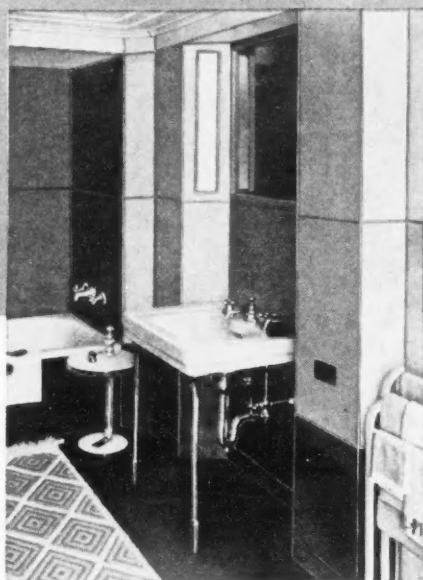
A Department for House Planning, Decorating and Furnishing.

A well-known Montreal architect, A. Leslie Perry (Perry, Luke & Little), planned and built his own small house entirely without the benefit of plaster. Outside walls are finished with insulating board and papered; inside partitions are done in plywood, "overglazed" and painted. Fibre board panels between ceiling beams are painted.



Courtesy, Canadian Johns-Manville

Asbestos-cement wallboard panelling makes a decorative and durable finish in this combined kitchen and breakfast room.



Courtesy, International Fibre Board

Modern wood hardboards take paint perfectly and make a smooth mirrorlike finish admirably suited to bathrooms and kitchens.

## WHAT NO PLASTER?

By J. F. C. Smith, Architect

**N**CESSITY may well be the mother of invention, but economy has often been the father! Time was when plastering was the usual method of finishing the walls of a room. No other material, with the exception of costly wood panelling, could give so smooth, so final an effect. True, plaster had disadvantages: laying its base of wood laths, mixing and applying two or three coats, the drying out, all consumed considerable time at the expense of other portions of the work.

Even at that, there was no guarantee as to results. Uneven drying of the plaster, or settlement in the structure of the house, would cause cracks, or if tiny lumps of "undigested" lime were present, a paint finish could be depended upon to blister and scale. Discoloration might result from impurities in the mix, and were insufficient time allowed for drying, the moisture in the plaster would cause wood trim around doors and windows to swell and warp. When condensation was present, or when water came continuously in contact with the plaster, there was a strong tendency for it to separate from the lath and descend from the ceiling on somebody's head.

**IMPROVED METHODS** of lathing — through the use of gypsum sheets and wood fibre boards — vastly accelerated the time required for erection and gave greater adhesive power, but it was not until comparatively recently that the possibilities of these two plaster bases as wall finishes in themselves were investigated.

Today, fireproof gypsum sheets, 4 feet wide and up to 10 feet long, come bevelled slightly on all four edges. The shallow depression formed where two boards meet on a wall is buttered with a joint filler, then taped, and more filler added to build up a flush even surface. Joints become invisible, and following a coat of varnish size, decoration in the form of paint, wallpaper, textures, etc., is applied directly on the gypsum sheet.

Wood fibre boards come in thicknesses of one-half inch and one inch, and possess definite insulation and sound absorption value. They may be in long sheets similar to gypsum board, or in small rectangles and squares. A wide variety of ornamental joints, patterns and moldings are available, which, with specially cut sections and superimposed blocks, make possible an endless number of decorative combinations. Joints are hidden by the overlap of one piece by its neighbor, or by batten strips of wood fibre. The sheets come in four tones and two textures and can be grooved or bevelled as desired. They permit of the same finish treatments as do the gypsum boards.

**THREE LATER** developments in plaster substitutes are wood hardboard, asbestos cement panels and plywood.

Hardboard is a steam-exploded, grainless pressed wood, varying from  $\frac{1}{8}$ " to  $\frac{5}{8}$ " thick. Different types run all the way from 3 by 4 feet to 4 by 12 feet in size. They can be worked in much the same way as fibre board — nailed, sawn, and glued — with the addi-

## Which of the 3 basic kinds IS BEST FOR YOU?



**1. Term insurance** is temporary insurance issued for a limited period or term of years. If you die during the term, the face amount of your policy is paid to your beneficiary. If you are still living at the end of the term, the insurance protection ceases.

When a man needs extra, temporary protection to provide money for paying off some obligation, such as a mortgage or business debt, in case of death, Term insurance is often desirable.

Because the protection is for a limited period only, Term premiums are low. However, it should never be considered a suitable substitute for the permanent, whole life protection most men need.

**2. Whole life insurance** is the most popular form of life insurance, and is desirable for men whose families need permanent protection.

The amount of the policy is paid to your beneficiary *no matter when you die*. Unlike Term insurance, cash and other values are built up for use in times of emergency or for retirement.

Premiums on the usual "straight life" policies are paid throughout your lifetime. Premiums on limited payment life policies, which also provide permanent protection, are paid for a set number of years only. Thus, men who can afford it are able to pay up their life insurance entirely during their most productive years.

**3. Endowment insurance** is issued for a set period, such as 20, 25, or 30 years—or a selected age, such as 60 or 65. If you live till the end of the period, the money is paid to you. If you die within the period, the money is paid to your beneficiary. And because the money must be paid within the period, whether you live or die—premiums are higher than for "straight life" or Term.

If you need protection for a limited period and wish to build the largest possible cash fund for yourself if you live, Endowment insurance may be desirable. But it's not recommended if more protection is needed for your family than is possible under the Endowment plan.

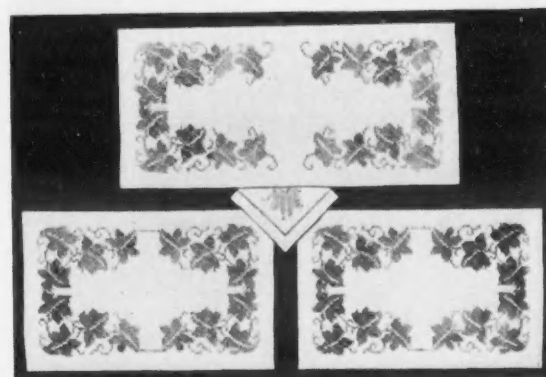


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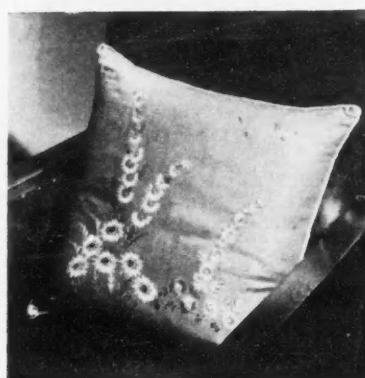
C915—Summer luncheon mats—cross stitch leaves, light and cool, to be worked in green on finest white or cream Irish linen. They are particularly quickly worked, for the hems are simply slipstitched to the back of the crosses. Your favorite color, or one to match your china, may be substituted for green. Stamped on finest cream or white Irish linen, place mats, 12 x 18 inches, 35 cents each; centre mat, 12 x 23 inches, 45 cents; serviettes, 15 cents each. Cotton for working set of four, 40 cents.

We cannot actually guarantee that amount of cottons stated will be sufficient, as no two people would use exactly the same amount, but correct value is set at 3 skeins for 10 cents. Handicrafts from previous issues can always be supplied.

## HANDICRAFTS by Marie Le Cerf



C916—Wild rose-oval cloth. You'll find this useful in many ways — as a table centre, for tea wagon, coffee table, tray or occasional table, etc. Stamped on finest white, yellow, green or cream Irish linen, 17 x 25 inches, the roses may be worked in pink, rose, coral or yellow, or to match linen. Please state color of linen and cotton for working. Price, 65 cents; cottons for working, 30 cents.



C913—Cushion to go with chair set at right. Flowers in lazy-daisy and single stitch, to be worked in six strands of cotton. Stamped on taffeta silk in black or olive green, size 19 inches square, \$1.35; on heavy Irish linen in deep ecru or cream, 18 inches square, 90 cents. State color of linen or silk. Cottons for working, 20 cents; form, 60 cents.



C911—A chair set that will bring summer indoors. (Arm rests not illustrated.) Stamped on heavy Irish linen in deep ecru or cream — please state preference. Petals of the large open flowers to be worked in satin stitch, the smaller flowers in lazy-daisy and single stitch. Set is priced at 75 cents; cottons for working, 20 cents.

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque, add 15 cents for bank exchange. Articles from previous issues can always be supplied. All prices include regular postage—special postage must be added.

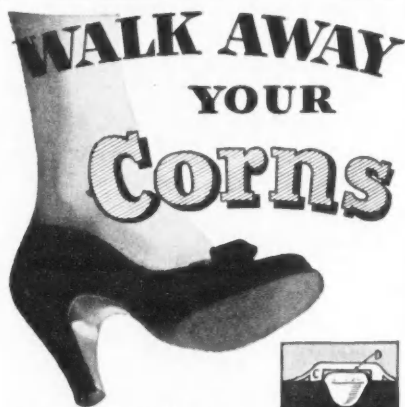




BLACK, BLUE and ALL SHADES of BROWN

### Manufactured Goods from Great Britain

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this magazine, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



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Felt pad (C) helps relieve pain by removing pressure. Medication (B) acts on corn.



In a few days corn is gently loosened so it may be easily removed.

**BLUE-JAY**  
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## Pointers for the Home

AN OLD toothbrush is a handy gadget for cleaning hobnail glass or glass with deep cuts. Convenient, too, for polishing silver, cleaning white shoes and dusting lamp shades. And for a lot of other odd jobs.



When washing fine glassware, a good precaution against chipping is to place a dishcloth in the bottom of your pan and spread a towel over the drainboard. Use a lintless linen towel for polishing.

To remove white marks (heat bloom) on polished table tops, rub with a small quantity of raw linseed oil or furniture polish, letting it extend well over the edges of the stain. Then dampen a clean cloth with spirits of camphor, methylated spirits or wood alcohol, and rub the spot gently with this, keeping well within the oiled area. With a dry soft cloth, wipe off all the oil, and finally rub with furniture polish.

When replastering or patching a plastered ceiling, the first thing is to remove all the loose particles and nail up any loose laths. After the new plaster is applied, let it dry for about three weeks, then go over it with vinegar and treat it with a coat of size before putting on fresh paper.

Save an old glove to slip on when you're using steel wool for cleaning; it protects the hand from the sharp little metal ends.

Use a length of pipe cleaner to clean out tea spouts and coffemaker tubes. Assures a tastier brew.

Go over your polished brass knocker with a coat of wax to give it some protection from the weather.

### For Summer Salads

#### French Dressing

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of salad oil
- $\frac{1}{3}$  Cupful of vinegar
- 1 Tablespoonful of sugar
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of paprika
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of dry mustard
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of grated onion, or rub the bowl with a cut garlic bud

Combine all the ingredients and beat until thick and smooth, or shake in a tightly covered container. Chill. Shake or beat again before using. Makes one and one-third cupfuls of dressing.

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I thought my little girl's dress was white until...



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**FRIEND:** Goodness! There's no need to be jealous! Use Rinso, the way I do. Rinso gives the *whitest* wash; and besides, it keeps washable colors bright as new.

**MOTHER:** That sounds marvelous. I'm so glad to know Rinso is good for both colors and whites.

**FRIEND:** Yes, indeed! Rinso is best for all the wash. And you never have to rub or scrub with Rinso. My, how that helps make clothes last!

**MOTHER:** I'm certainly going to get Rinso and use it this coming washday.

**FRIEND:** That's smart. You'll never be satisfied with anything else once you've tried Rinso. And be sure to get the GIANT box.



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Courtesy, British Columbia Plywoods

Plywood walls in a shipshape basement recreation room. To allow the grain to show, buff-colored paint was applied and wiped off, followed by one coat of flat varnish.

tional advantage that they can be bent. They will not chip, crack or warp. Some come in integral colors of their own, but all types can be sized and painted. Two-toned effects can be obtained by sandpapering, and fluted and other tooled designs are possible.

One variety of hardboard presents a baked finish in gleaming colors for kitchens and bathrooms. Usually in large panels, they can be scored in 4" squares to simulate ceramic tile. Some have a marble finish and may be used around fireplaces and for dadoes.

Asbestos cement sheets also come integrally colored and have a lustrous surface, either scored, plain or marbleized. Joints can be bevelled covered with battens, or butted. Often polished metal or plastic strips are used for decoration at joints and corners.

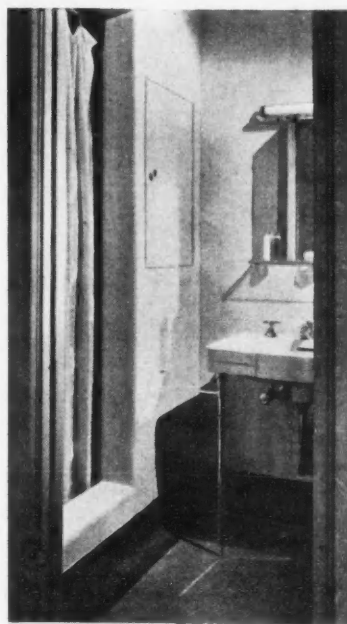
Plywood comes in various thicknesses and has a distinctive grain. Kiln-dried to eliminate shrinkage, these giant sheets of laminated lumber are strong and rigid, yet light in weight. They can be painted, (in which case the grain must first be subdued by "overglazing") or stained.

MODERN wall-facing materials—gypsum sheets, fibre board, hardboard, asbestos cement panels, and plywood—open up a whole new vista of interior finishes. Not only more economical than traditional plaster, they are easier to install, and the lessening of labor costs is considerable. No sacrifice of durability is involved, and, besides the special structural features peculiar to each, they offer in finished form an attractive substantial appearance of which any home owner might well be proud.

Leading Canadian architects have been quick to appreciate the possibilities of these new wall finishes. One of the most interesting houses in Vancouver was designed especially with plywood interiors throughout—overglazed and

painted in main rooms and hall, to give a light-toned "traditional" setting for fine furnishings; finished in light stain as modern wood panelling in the study and bedrooms on the second floor.

A well-known Montreal architect built his own charming small house entirely without plaster interiors. On all outside walls he used an insulating fibre board one inch thick; interior partitions were finished with plywood and gypsum board. The same modern finishes were used on the ceilings, and all such materials were glued on. Some rooms have painted treatments, others, such as bedrooms and dining room, are papered over the firm smooth surface.



Use of modern materials eliminates plasterwork and tiling in this small bathroom, where durable wall linoleum is glued to plywood. Perry, Luke & Little, Architects.

## They're talking about . . .

In Ottawa: the bicycle rage. Dignified diplomats and Cabinet Ministers, as well as junior civil servants, are discovering their pedal extremities in earnest; daily you see them propelling themselves along the capital's shady streets. Recently when Santos Munoz, Argentine Minister to Canada, and his wife entertained at an afternoon party, half the 400 guests arrived by bicycle and the lawn looked as if the Cycle Corps had stormed the house.

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Kruschen is a British product obtainable at all drug stores, 25c and 75c.



## HOUSEKEEPING

A Department of Home Management



# Fruits

## FOR THE FUTURE

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

**A**LMOST any fruit in its season is a potential year-round dessert, a jam for your breakfast table or a jelly for your bread. So while bush and tree and vine are doing their stuff with a succession of luscious products, good providers are looking to the future and laying up for themselves treasures on their cupboard shelves.

The thing in successful preservation is to catch your fruit fresh, well matured, richly ripened, firm and sound. Such paragons of the garden not only cut down the risk in keeping, but give you the best color and finest flavor in your jars.

Once you have your fruit in the kitchen, can it as soon as possible. Or if it has to be held for some time, store without washing in small lots with plenty of ventilation. Pick over and get rid of overripe squashy fruit and any blemish which might cause spoilage later. Grade for uniformity of size and quality, then wash a little at a time in a lot of water. The easiest way I know of doing this is to use a wire basket, half fill it with fruit and dip it up and down in a deep pan of water. This rinses off the soil, but prevents crushing or bruising. If you haven't a basket, lift the fruit from the water—instead of pouring the water off the fruit—as bits of soil are less likely to stick. After the bath, pit, stem, stone, core, hull, top and tail or make any other necessary amputations.

### Jars

Choose a suitable size. Pints or half pints are handy for twosomes or small families who like variety in their menus and are not fond of frequent flavor repeats. Quarts are better if there's a crowd round the table. Two-quart jars are available if you want them, but they should be used only for acid fruit and tomatoes, not for vegetables, as it takes longer for the heat to penetrate and therefore longer processing is required.

Simply designed jars with fairly straight sides and wide mouths are more convenient when packing or removing fruit—especially large varieties. They are easier washed too. Screw tops, spring tops or vacuum tops are satis-

factory sealing devices, but all jars, tops and rubbers should be inspected and tested before being used, in order to ensure an air-tight seal. To do this, partly fill the jar with water, adjust the rubber and top, then seal and invert. If it leaks, there's an imperfection somewhere, and unless you can remedy it, mark the jar and set it aside for some other storage purpose.

Jars and covers used for fruit canned by the open kettle method or processed in the oven must first be sterilized. Wash in soapy water, then rinse, place in a pan of warm water on a rack or clean towel, bring to boiling point and boil for 15 to 20 minutes. For safety's sake, put in all utensils you'll use in filling the jars—funnel, spatula, cup and so on—and sterilize them at the same time.

If you are canning by the hot water bath or in a pressure cooker, the jars do not need this preliminary treatment, but they should be thoroughly cleaned, well rinsed and hot when the fruit is packed in them.

### Rubbers

Good rubber rings—pliable elastic and springy—are essential for a perfect seal. So, in spite of everything, new ones are still available to home canners this year. Shortage being the mother of invention, manufacturers have put out a war-grade jar ring, designed to do a dependable job but containing the minimum of rubber necessary.

Used rings which are still in pretty good condition may be utilized for briny pickles; those that have lost all their oomph should be saved and turned in for salvage, not thrown away.

Test all rubbers by stretching gently and by folding double to see if they spring back into shape without any sign of a crack. And before using, plunge



them in boiling water for half a minute or so, then set them on the jar just before filling.

### Syrup

Government regulations set  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of sugar to 1 pound of fruit for canning and  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a pound of sugar to 1 pound of fruit for jams and jellies. A thin syrup—1 cupful of sugar and 2 cupfuls of water boiled together for one minute—is the wartime standard and will give acceptable results, from the standpoints of both keeping quality and flavor, provided, of course, that correct procedure is carefully followed and all the proper precautions taken. If, however, you want more sweetness, you

- ★ The fruit must be fresh, well matured and richly ripened. Good results depend a lot on prime materials.
- ★ The jars should be suitable in size, well designed for convenient filling.
- ★ Good rubbers are pliable, elastic, springy. Test each one before using.
- ★ The syrup must conform to Government wartime standards. Extra sweetness in the form of corn syrup or honey may be used.
- ★ Choose the method which suits your fruit and your convenience. Use care with every step of the process.



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top or pressing down the lever of the spring top type.

Invert to test the jar for leaks and cool as quickly as possible out of any drafts. After the jars are cold, don't make that old mistake of giving the tops an extra tightening, for this defeats your purpose by breaking the seal.

#### Oven Canning

For acid fruit in glass jars only. (And only if you have a well-insulated oven equipped with an automatic heat control.)

Set the oven heat control at 250 deg. Fahr. and preheat.

Pack the prepared fruit into hot sterilized jars—with sterilized utensils. Leave a little space at the top and fill with syrup to the level of the fruit.

Adjust the covers and partially seal.

Put the jars on the oven rack, two or more inches apart to allow the hot air

to circulate freely around them. Then set a pan under the rack to catch any syrup which may leak out.

Process in the closed oven for time and a half that is allowed for the hot water bath method.

Remove the jars and finish the seal.

#### Open Kettle

Make the syrup and when boiling add the prepared fruit.

When cooked, pour quickly into hot sterilized jars, filling them right to the top. Slide a sterilized spatula around the inside of the jar, add a little more syrup or boiling juice and seal each jar at once. Then invert and cool.

#### Pressure Cooker

Good for fruit and the only safe and satisfactory method for non-acid vegetables. A "must" for meats too.

Directions come with each cooker and should be precisely followed. +

## Pot Luck



PROPER BREWING goes a long way in conserving tea and coffee, while at the same time assuring you of a cheap and cheering cup. It's slapdash methods of making your drink which cause a lot of waste—and waste these days is a Quisling of the worst order.

Here is one way to cut down on the amount you use and put your beverage serving on a wartime basis. You're on your honor, you know, to go sparingly.

In making tea measure the leaves carefully into a scalded teapot. Don't guess. Or use a tea ball for each person.

A level teaspoonful for every cup to be served is a good proportion. And don't count more cups than you'll actually use without encouraging refills.

Measure the water according to the number of cups required. Put into the teakettle and heat to boiling, then take the pot to the kettle and pour the water over the leaves. The proportions will be just right, and you haven't wasted fuel heating more water than necessary.

Brew tea for five minutes to get the full strength and flavor from the leaves. A pound of tea will give you 200 delicious cups if you take the precaution to make it properly.

★ ★ ★

Coffee poured down the sink doesn't give any pleasure to anyone. So calculate carefully the quantity required and measure the coffee and water accordingly. Choose a grind to suit your method of making, have the maker spotless and time the brewing exactly. Leftover coffee may be stored in a thermos bottle, or chilled and served with ice. Or it may be used as flavoring for custards, jellies, and other desserts. Don't waste a drop. +



"I USED to think all salad dressings were mayonnaise—but this Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise certainly is different. It's *Real* Mayonnaise. From now on my family will eat salads regularly and enjoy them—thanks to Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise."

Of course salads are good for us, but so often they aren't so keenly delicious as they should be because salad dressing smothers the flavor. That's why Hellmann's Blue Ribbon *REAL* Mayonnaise is different. Made from fresh eggs, a secret blend of spices and a special blend of fine vinegar *double whipped* to thick, creamy smoothness, Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise has a delicate, bland flavor of its own that brings out every speck of the appetizing goodness of salad ingredients. *Real* Mayonnaise is economical, too, because when you blend it with lemon juice or cream or other ingredients—it never turns watery.

## TEMPT YOUR FAMILY SOON WITH

### LIGHT AND DARK CHICKEN SALAD

2 cups diced chicken	Lettuce	1 cup diced celery
½ cup Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise	Garnish of celery tops, beets cut	
4 tablespoons Hellmann's French Dressing	into dice, egg yolks or other garnish	

Use both light and dark meat of chicken. Cut chicken into cubes making light-meat cubes larger than the dark, so the white will predominate. Marinate the diced chicken in French Dressing. Mix 2 tablespoons Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise with the celery. Place celery on a layer of lettuce with tips of celery around the edge. Heap the chicken in the centre, pour over it the remainder of the mayonnaise. Garnish with boiled beets diced, cold hard-boiled eggs which have been pressed through the colander, or any other garnish that pleases the fancy.

West of Manitoba, this fine Mayonnaise is known as Best Foods Real Mayonnaise.

For tasty sandwiches, use Hellmann's Sandwich Spread. Wonderful by itself or to give new zestful flavor to other sandwich fillings.

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# HELLMANN'S BLUE RIBBON REAL MAYONNAISE

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CONTROLS SELF AS FRIEND SPILLS POWDER ON JUST CLEANED RUG WHILE ADMIRING NEW DEFENSE UNIFORM

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**MURINE** FOR YOUR EYES

MADE IN CANADA

## DOES INDIGESTION WALLOP YOU BELOW THE BELT?

Help Your Forgotten "28" For The Kind Of Relief That Helps Make You Rarin' To Go

More than half of your digestion is done below the belt—in your 28 feet of bowels. So when indigestion strikes, try something that helps digestion in the stomach AND below the belt.

What you may need is Carter's Little Liver Pills to give needed help to that "forgotten 28 feet" of bowels.

Take one Carter's Little Liver Pill before and one after meals. Take them according to directions. They help wake up a larger flow of the 3 main digestive juices in your stomach AND bowels—help you digest what you have eaten in Nature's own way.

Then most folks get the kind of relief that makes you feel better from your head to your toes. Just be sure you get the genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills from your druggist—25c.

can add it in the form of corn syrup—thereby achieving a sweeter product without overstepping your sugar ration. You can adapt your recipe, but corn syrup should not be substituted for more than from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the sugar ordinarily used for a thin, medium or heavy syrup, or when making jams.

To make these syrups, measure the sugar, corn syrup and water in a saucepan, stir until the sugar is dissolved and boil for five minutes.

The amount of syrup required depends on the number of jars and the kind of fruit; you'll need 2 cupfuls of syrup for a quart jar of large fruit—1 cupful for a quart filled with small varieties.

### Sugar News

The Wartime Prices and Trade Board announces a change in the system of sugar sale and purchase. Ration cards for the weekly one-half pound allowance are in effect from the first of July. After that date housekeepers buying sugar for canning and jam or jelly making will be asked to sign a voucher at their grocers stating the purpose for which it will be used and that the amount is in accordance with Government regulations— $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. for 1 lb. of fruit to be canned and  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. to each pound of fruit for jams and conserves.

### Without Sugar

Fruits may be canned without sugar, but the shape, color and flavor are not so good. Moreover, they will have to be sweetened later, from your half pound weekly ration. Juicy fruits—berries, cherries, plums—are better canned in their own juices without the addition of any water. Crush, heat and strain the riper fruits, then boil this juice and use it for pouring over fruits in the jar. The less juicy fruits—peaches and pears—require some extra water, but use as little as possible.

### THE METHOD

#### Hot Water Bath

Get the bath ready—a boiler or straight-sided kettle equipped with a wooden or wire rack and a good-fitting cover. Add water and let it heat while you are packing the jars.

Fill clean hot jars with prepared fruits, uncooked or in the case of strawberries or hard varieties, precooked until heated through in the syrup. No crowding or crushing in the jar, so that the fruit will remain shapely.

Cover with the boiling syrup, then slip a spatula down the side of the jar and press back gently to get rid of air bubbles. Add a little more syrup if necessary.

Adjust the rubber rings and covers and partially seal the jars.

Lower the filled jars into the hot but not boiling bath, setting them about an inch apart. The water should come over the top to a depth of an inch or two.

Cover the boiler or kettle and heat the water to a boil, then continue the boiling for the required processing time—15 minutes (after the water begins to boil), for hot-packed or precooked (just heated through) red currants, gooseberries, peaches, pears and plums, 20 minutes for blueberries, raspberries, rhubarb, cold-packed plums or hot-packed crab apples and tomatoes, 25 minutes for thimbleberries and cherries. If the water boils down during this time, add enough more boiling water to keep the jars well covered.

After processing a suitable time, remove the jars at once, complete the seal by giving a final twist to the screw

## French Recipe FOR MUSTARD SAUCE

By  
**Mrs. OSCAR LANGLOIS**  
of Ottawa, Ont.



FRENCH-CANADIAN women have an unique reputation for fine cooking. Each has her own special recipe for which she is famed in her community and Mrs. Oscar Langlois, of 24 Chapel Street, Ottawa, is no exception. Friends are delighted to receive a jar of her special mustard sauce.

"I keep this mustard sauce in the house all the time," said Mrs. Langlois. "The recipe makes quite a large jar and my family does not like any mustard but this on the table. We like it in sandwiches and on cold meat—it is just the thing to make leftovers of all kinds into tasty dishes. But to prepare the sauce correctly, you must be sure to use the very best mustard."

### MRS. LANGLOIS' MUSTARD SAUCE

- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Keen's Mustard
- 1 cup flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cooking oil or melted butter
- $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon salt
- 1 pinch of pepper (red)
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup black molasses
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup vinegar

Mix together gradually and beat with a wooden spoon until smooth.

The secret of appetizing sauces is to give them a piquant flavour without making them too strong. For this purpose the purity of Keen's Mustard is ideal. It is ground from genuine pure, strong mustard seed and is packed in handy tins which retain all the smooth, piquant flavour.

### FREE RECIPE BOOK

Write Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Ltd., Montreal, for 32 page book, "Hostess Delights", containing over 100 recipes. It's Free!

**D.S.F. (DOUBLE SUPER FINE)**

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**MADE FROM FULL-STRENGTH MUSTARD SEED**





WHILE he's home on leave there will be occasions when a drink of delicious Fry's Cocoa will give him a real treat.

Men in the Services have grand appetites. The healthy open-air life creates a need for energy-providing foods, and that is exactly what Fry's Cocoa is.

Fry's Cocoa is rich in calories (name given to describe the energy value of food). Everyone knows the health giving properties of milk and it is well to realize that when you serve a cup of Fry's, it is milk you make it with. Thus the food value of the Cocoa added to the milk produces a food drink of exceptional nourishment and taste appeal.

Plan to serve Fry's Cocoa frequently. Its rich chocolaty flavour will make a big hit during his all-too-short leave. Serve it hot or serve it iced. Either way is so easy—just follow the simple instructions on the Fry's Cocoa label.

Not only is Fry's Cocoa delicious and nourishing, it is also very economical, for you can make 80 large cups from a one-pound purchase.

NOTE: TO sweeten the Cocoa and also help out your sugar ration, try using ½ honey and ½ sugar.

FREE RECIPE BOOK, "Chocolate Around the Clock", sent you on request. Write Jehane Patenaude, Dept. D, Fry-Cadbury Ltd., Montreal.

**Preserves must be properly sealed...**

All authorities stress the importance of proper sealing in canning fruits and vegetables. They say, "Properly sealed, canned fruit and vegetables will keep indefinitely. Protect your preserves by using jar rings you can depend on. To have fruit go bad is far more costly than new jar rings. Take as much care in selecting jar rings as in selecting fruit." You can depend on Viceroy Jar Rings.

**...and we must Save Rubber**

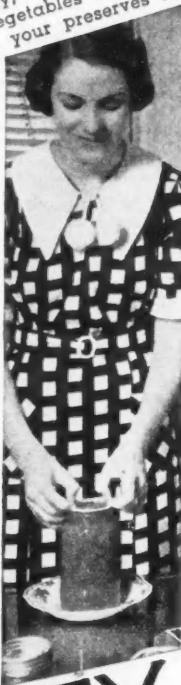
War Grade jar rings are designed to do a dependable job of sealing jars... but contain the minimum amount of rubber and other materials required for war purposes.

Do not waste jar rings.

Do not buy more than you need.

Save old jar rings for salvage.

**VICEROY JAR RINGS**  
Viceroy Manufacturing Co. Limited  
West Toronto

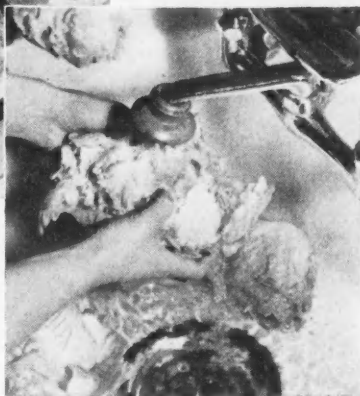


## Turn Over a New Leaf



Washed greens packed snugly for storage in the refrigerator.

By  
**HELEN G. CAMPBELL**



Core lettuce, hold under tap and coax apart.

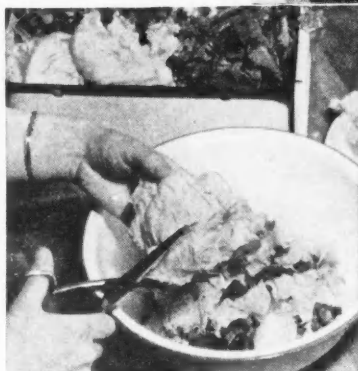
TABLES ARE wearing o' the green these July days, partly, I suppose, because it's a handsome color, but chiefly because it's such a lucky one. Lucky, that is, for the people who eat it in the form of a freshly cooked piping-hot vegetable or as cool brittle-crisp leaves from the salad bowl. Either way, garden greens provide appetizing flavor for our enjoyment, as well as minerals and vitamins for our health's sake.

Now on the face of it you'd think that preparing greens was the simplest thing in the world, but let me tell you there's a right and wrong way to go about it. If, for instance, you wash them, chop them finely and toss them together away ahead of the time they are served, you forfeit some of your good fortune, for Vitamin C will be not much more than a missing link and therefore half the value of your salad lost. Or if you put your greens in the pot, overcook them and drain the water

your strategy must be based on excluding it as far as possible. For that reason we gather them fresh from our own gardens or buy not more than a day or two's supply at a time. The leaves you are using may be washed ahead, but should be left *uncut* and stored in a covered dish in your refrigerator. Then at the last minute snip them, add your



Lift out the spinach instead of pouring off the water.



Cut up at the last minute—not too fine.

down the sink, you can't expect either the best taste or the most nutritive quality from them. Cooking uncovered, stirring during or after the cooking, and letting them stand before serving, are three more things to avoid. And adding soda is another taboo, for it kills off the precious vitamins you are trying to preserve.

The thing to remember in dealing with salad greens is that oxygen is the chief enemy of Vitamin C, and that

dressing and mix with a wooden spoon or fork, but only enough to make a nice blend. Don't cut them up exceeding fine either, as this exposes too many cut surfaces to the oxygen in the air.

I used to tell you—those of you on a reducing diet—to make your dressing of vinegar and mineral oil, instead of the usual olive or salad oil, thereby cutting down on your calories. Well, I've lived and learned that there is a nigger in that woodpile. Mineral oil, it seems, has a mean little trick hitherto unsuspected; it picks up the Vitamin A in the greens, holds it in solution and greedily prevents it doing you any good. So instead of being a bonanza to the dieter, it is now on the black list as a salad dressing ingredient.

A little coddling of the minerals and

## SAVE FOOD

with

## ICE



Saving food, and serving food in its most nutritious form, is the first duty of housewives today. Many thousands of them in every part of Canada are depending on ice to do this for them—and what a job ice is doing!

With its "moist-cold" air, ice maintains safe, low temperatures—reduces spoilage and waste—prevents rapid drying of precious food juices and vitamins.



Available now! Limited number of 1942 AIR-CONDITIONED ICE REFRIGERATORS

Due to manufacturing problems, this year's production of Air-Conditioned Ice Refrigerators has been delayed, but certain models are available now. Ask your local ice dealer for information.

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137 Wellington Street West • Toronto, Canada

These are the Daily Essentials →

# MEALS FOR JULY



Three glasses of milk.



Six slices of vitamin-rich bread, with butter.



One serving of meat or fish.



One egg, or an egg three or four times a week.



One serving of potatoes.



One serving of green-leaf or yellow vegetable.



One glass of tomato juice.



One serving of vitamin-rich breakfast cereal.

## BREAKFAST

1. Tomato Juice  
Cereal with Milk  
Soft-cooked Eggs  
Toasted Marmalade  
Coffee Tea
2. Stewed Prunes  
Cereal with Milk  
Grilled Bacon French Toast  
Peach Jam  
Coffee Cocoa
3. Grapefruit Juice  
Cereal with Milk  
Griddle Cakes with Grilled Bacon  
Toasted Corn Syrup  
Coffee Cocoa
4. Cereal with Milk  
Poached Eggs  
Stewed Prunes  
Coffee Cocoa
5. Grapefruit Juice  
Cereal with Milk  
Grilled Bacon  
Warm Tomatoes  
Fried Bread Strawberry Jam  
Coffee Cocoa
6. Chilled Rhubarb Juice  
Cereal  
Toasted Rolls  
Coffee Jam  
Tea
7. Watermelon  
Pan-broiled Perch  
Toasted  
Coffee Tea
8. Cold Tomatoes  
Cereal  
Soft-cooked Eggs  
Toasted  
Coffee Tea
9. Stewed Prunes  
Cereal  
Scones  
Coffee Jelly  
Tea
10. Cereal with Fresh Berries  
Griddle Cakes  
Corn Syrup  
Coffee Tea
11. Tomato Juice  
Cereal  
Toasted Rolls  
Stewed Fruit  
Coffee Tea
12. (Sunday) Chilled Melon  
Grilled Kidneys and Bacon  
Toasted Marmalade  
Coffee Tea
13. Tomato Juice  
Cereal  
Toasted Rolls  
Stewed Fruit  
Coffee Tea
14. Fresh Berries  
Scrambled Eggs  
Toasted  
Coffee Tea
15. Tomato Juice  
Cereal  
Fried Small Fish  
Toasted  
Coffee Tea
16. Raspberries  
Bread and Milk  
Whole Wheat Muffins  
Jam  
Coffee Tea

## LUNCHEON or SUPPER

1. Tomato and Vegetable Soup  
Welsh Rarebit on Hot Biscuit  
Grilled Bacon  
Apple and Raisin Salad  
Raisin Pie  
Tea Fresh Apple Coffee
2. Cream of Onion Soup  
Boston Baked Beans  
Raw Carrot Salad  
Cheese Tea Biscuits  
Pumpkin Pie  
Tea Coffee
3. Split Pea Soup  
Toasted Cheese  
Warm Tomatoes  
Rice and Raisin Pudding  
Tea Coffee
4. Fish Chowder  
Scalloped Potatoes with Corn Beef  
Plain Suet Pudding with Chocolate Sauce  
Tea Coffee  
Fresh Apple Cheese
5. Potato and Cheese Soup  
Sausage Roll and Slice of Cold Roast Pork  
Potato Salad Cole Slaw  
Raisin Tea Biscuits  
Apple Tapioca  
Tea Coffee
6. Cheese Toast and Bacon  
Green Onions  
Stewed Rhubarb  
Tea Cookies  
Cocoa
7. Creamed Onions and Wieners  
Fresh Fruit Cup  
Bread  
Tea Cocoa
8. Sliced Canned Corned Beef  
Pan-fried Potatoes  
Mixed Pickles  
Fresh Cherries  
Tea Cocoa
9. Asparagus on Toast with Mushroom Sauce  
Strawberries and Cream  
Wafers  
Tea Cocoa
10. Bean Soup  
Lettuce, Carrot and Onion Salad  
Hot Cheese Biscuits  
Marmalade  
Tea Cocoa
11. Fish Salad (from Friday) with Mayonnaise  
Sliced Cucumbers  
Individual Baked Custards  
Caramel Sauce  
Tea Cocoa
12. Assorted Sandwiches  
Radishes Celery Hearts  
Ice Cream with Crushed Raspberries  
Tea Cocoa
13. Pilchard à la King on Toast  
Canned Pears  
Cake  
Tea Cocoa
14. Casserole of Spaghetti with Savory Tomato Sauce  
Stewed Gooseberries  
Sandwich Cookies  
Tea Cocoa
15. Jellyed Cherry and Banana Salad  
Fruit Salad Dressing  
Butterscotch Tarts  
Tea Cocoa
16. Baked Stuffed Potatoes (add left-over meat, if any)  
Shredded Lettuce, Radish, Onion and Carrot Salad  
Gooseberries  
Left-over Gingerbread  
Tea Cocoa

## DINNER

1. Tomato and Vegetable Soup  
Mock Duck with Dressing  
Potatoes au Gratin  
Buttered Cabbage  
Butterscotch Pie  
Tea Sugar Cookies Milk
2. Cream of Onion Soup  
Baked Ham  
Boiled Potatoes (in their jackets)  
Buttered Beets  
Chocolate Pie  
Tea Fresh Apple Milk
3. Split Pea Soup  
Fried Haddock in Batter  
French Fried Potatoes  
Creamed Carrots  
Hot Molasses Cake with Apple Sauce  
Tea Milk
4. Fish Chowder  
Meat Loaf  
Lyonnais Potatoes Glazed  
Onions  
Apple-Rolled Oat Crisp  
Tea Milk
5. Potato Cheese Soup  
Breaded Pork Chops  
Scalloped Potatoes  
Browned Parsnips  
Butterscotch Pie  
Tea Milk
6. Beet Consommé  
Cold Sliced Veal  
Boiled Rice with Veal Gravy  
Green Peas  
Custard with Sliced Bananas  
Coffee Tea
7. Liver Loaf with Bacon Curls  
Parsley Potatoes  
Buttered Beet Greens  
Strawberry Shortcake  
Coffee Tea
8. Scotch Broth  
Spinach Ring with Carrot Slices  
Beans with Chili Sauce  
Potato Croquettes  
Ice Cream Maple Sauce  
Coffee Tea
9. Mock Duck  
Scalloped Tomatoes  
Parsley Potatoes  
Rhubarb Tapioca  
Coffee Tea
10. Steamed Cod  
Egg Sauce  
Boiled Potatoes Cole Slaw  
Lemon Foam  
Coffee Tea
11. Hamburger and Onions  
Fried Potatoes  
Creamed Celery (outer stalks)  
Blackberry Roll  
Coffee Tea
12. Cream of Mushroom Soup  
Jellyed Chicken or Veal  
Potato and Egg Salad on Watercress  
Hot Rolls  
Macaroon Cake  
Coffee Tea
13. Oven-cooked Steak  
Brown Gravy  
Baked Potatoes  
Scalloped Corn  
Cottage Pudding  
Cherry Sauce  
Coffee Tea
14. Hot Boiled Cottage Roll  
Mashed Potatoes Green Peas  
Raspberry Whip  
Coffee Tea
15. Vegetable Soup  
Cold Sliced Cottage Roll  
Browned Potato Cakes  
Boiled Cabbage  
Gingerbread with Whipped Cream  
Coffee Tea
16. Veal Stew with Vegetables and Dumplings  
Fresh Strawberry Pie  
Coffee Tea

## BREAKFAST

17. Chilled Watermelon  
Cereal  
Toasted Marmalade  
Coffee Tea
18. Cold Tomatoes  
Cereal  
Toasted Marmalade  
Coffee Tea
19. (Sunday) Pineapple and Lemon Juice  
Broiled Sausage  
Toasted Jelly  
Coffee Tea
20. Cereal with Fresh Fruit  
Johnny Cake  
Maple Syrup  
Coffee Tea
21. Cold Tomatoes  
Cereal  
Brown Toast  
Coffee Jam  
Tea
22. Orange Juice  
Poached Eggs  
Toasted Marmalade  
Coffee Tea
23. Raspberries  
Cereal  
Toasted Honey  
Coffee Tea
24. Tomato Juice  
Soft-cooked Eggs  
Bran Scones  
Coffee Jelly  
Tea
25. Stewed Gooseberries (from Friday)  
Creamed Fish on Toast (left-over)  
Coffee Tea
26. (Sunday) Banana and Strawberry Cup  
Waffles and Bacon  
Maple Syrup  
Coffee Tea
27. Cold Tomatoes  
Cereal  
Toasted Marmalade  
Coffee Tea
28. Rhubarb Juice  
Cereal  
Soft-cooked Eggs  
Toasted  
Coffee Tea
29. Cereal with Fresh Berries  
Bran Muffins  
Honey or Jam  
Coffee Tea
30. Cold Tomatoes  
Bacon  
Toasted Marmalade  
Coffee Tea
31. Berries  
Scrambled Eggs with Tomatoes  
Toasted  
Coffee Tea

## LUNCHEON or SUPPER

1. Baked Eggs in Ramekins with Creole Sauce  
Brown Toast  
Chocolate Layer Cake  
Tea Cocoa
2. Chicken Broth  
Crackers Cheese  
Fresh Currants with Cream  
Cake (from Friday)  
Tea Cocoa
3. Jellyed Raw Vegetable Salad  
Brown Rolls  
Melon Rings with Ice Cream  
Cookies  
Tea Cocoa
4. Sour Cream Cabbage Soup  
Sardines with Lemon on Toast  
Quick Tapioca Pudding  
Tea Cocoa
5. Sliced Fresh Bologna  
Home-fried Potatoes  
Relish Pickle  
Strawberries and Cream  
Tea Cocoa
6. Creamed Carrots (from Tuesday)  
Peas and Young Onions on Toast  
Diced Fruits in Ginger Ale  
Jelly  
Tea Wafers Cocoa
7. Bacon  
Lyonnais Potatoes  
Lettuce Salad  
Chilled Melon  
Tea Cocoa
8. Macaroni and Cheese  
Toasted Scones  
Stewed Gooseberries  
Tea Cocoa
9. Pea Soup  
Crackers  
Hot Lettuce Slaw  
Rolls and Honey  
Tea Cocoa
10. Devil'd Egg Salad with Cold Cuts  
Whole Wheat Bread  
Fruit Sherbet  
Tea Cake  
Cocoa
11. Corn Pudding with Green Peppers  
Raspberries  
Cookies  
Tea Cocoa
12. Minced Beef (left-over)  
Croquettes  
Mushroom Soup Sauce  
Green Salad  
Lime Jelly Whip  
Custard Sauce  
Tea Cocoa
13. Cold Sliced Cottage Roll  
Potato Salad  
Lettuce and Sliced Tomatoes  
Blueberries and Cream  
Tea Cocoa
14. Creamed Asparagus on Toast  
Celery Jam Tarts  
Radishes  
Tea Cocoa
15. Clam Chowder  
Crackers  
Mixed Fruit Salad  
Raisin Bread  
Tea Cocoa

## DINNER

1. Pan-broiled Halibut Steaks  
Potato Chips Asparagus  
Pineapple Cornstarch Pudding  
Coffee Tea
2. Wing Steaks  
Mashed Potatoes  
Sliced Beets  
Rice and Raisin Pudding  
Coffee Tea
3. Tomato Bouillon  
Roast Lamb Roll  
Baked Potatoes  
Creamed Cauliflower  
Raspberry Shortcake  
Coffee Tea
4. Tomato Cocktail  
Cold Sliced Lamb  
Creamed Potatoes Spinach  
Cherry French Toast  
Coffee Tea
5. Sauerkraut with Dumplings  
Beets Piquante  
Buttered Carrots  
Green Beans  
Baked Chocolate Pudding  
Coffee Tea
6. Corned Beef  
Boiled Potatoes  
Cabbage  
Fresh Cherry Crisp  
Coffee Tea
7. Asparagus Soup  
Cold Sliced Corned Beef  
Mustard Pickle  
Swiss Chard  
Duchess Potatoes  
Butterscotch Tapioca with Coffee  
Peanuts Tea
8. Baked Lake Trout with Top Dressing  
Parsley Potatoes  
Shredded Raw Vegetable Slaw  
Cherry Icebox Pie  
Coffee Tea
9. Grilled Sausages  
Scalloped Potatoes  
Beet Greens  
Fresh Strawberries and Cream  
White Cake  
Coffee Tea
10. Roast of Beef  
Horse-radish  
Mashed Potatoes  
Diced Beets  
Bavarian Cream with Fresh Raspberries  
Coffee Tea
11. Cold Roast Beef  
Mustard  
Browned Potato Cakes  
Creamed Onions  
Fruit Trifle  
Coffee Tea
12. Boiled Cottage Roll  
Savory Rice  
Scalloped Tomatoes  
Black Currant Rolypoly  
Coffee Tea
13. Chicken Soup  
Baked Stuffed Potatoes  
Carrots with Parsley Butter  
Brussels Sprouts  
Celery in Cream Sauce  
Raspberry Tart Pie  
Coffee Tea
14. Baked Meat Loaf  
Riced Potatoes  
Butter Beans  
Individual Baked Custards  
Coffee Tea
15. Oven-fried Haddock  
Fillets  
Tartare Sauce  
Creamed Potatoes  
Spinach Molds  
Blueberry Cup Cakes  
Coffee Lemon Sauce Tea

June 29 to July 5 is Army Week in Canada. So in compliment to our army we've suggested for the first 5 days of this month the same meals the boys will be eating at camp. Go easy on tea and coffee. Avoid waste and cut down "refills."





Health and fitness are stressed in Canada's private schools.

## Going Away to School

By Florence Armstrong

ANN'S GOING away to school this fall. To the Canadian private school she's set her heart on; and our house feels a little as though we had been through a national election campaign and were getting ready for a wedding.

A wedding because Ann, at thirteen, is as thrilled as a young bride, and is assembling her "trousseau" with care.

With school uniforms and the restricted social life outside of the school, she will need fewer clothes than she did at home last year. Then, a different frock or skirt and sweater were on the books for every few days.

As for the election part of it—we've had enough debates, arguments, discussions and impassioned speeches for and against Ann's new adventure to put any candidate into Parliament. Friends, relatives, other children, and finally Harry and I, her parents, along with Ann herself, went over the pros and cons. And because we discussed the whole matter very thoroughly, and had an opportunity to see perhaps a little more of what goes on in a number of private schools in Canada than the average parents, I thought you might like to know why we're sending Ann to a Canadian boarding school this year.

ANN, LIKE practically every other Canadian girl her age, has talked of boarding school for a long time. Harry and I had felt that since Ann was a normally adjusted child, and we had no particular home problems to face, she was all right where she was. We had the idea, I think now, that private schools were a sort of setup for problem children or problem homes. Today we are both inclined to believe that they provide one of the few remaining normal, steadying backgrounds for children in a very abnormal period.

ONE OF the chief arguments of friends against sending Ann away to school was, "Public school was good enough for you—what's wrong with it for Ann?" Another was, "It's expensive." A third was, "Do you mean to say you want Ann to get away from you in these important years?"

Harry and I went into all these questions very thoroughly. Perhaps one of the biggest things that decided

us in favor of private school for Ann was a casual discussion we had one afternoon in one of the R.C.A.F. Women's Division barracks. We had been invited there to a reception, and both my husband and I were asking a number of the smart young girls in uniform if they didn't find the discipline and restrictions difficult. Some of the girls said yes, they had found it hard to learn. But there was an immediate chorus of "No" from several of the girls present. One of them said, "You see, we all went to boarding school, and we learned a great many things that have made this life, or any other life we have to take from now on, easier. We learned to take discipline and understand why it was necessary. We learned also to take responsibility for our misdeeds and not run to shield ourselves behind our parents. I think we learned to stand on our own feet."

I believe Ann will learn these essential things at the private school she is going to this year.

As to the added cost, Harry and I are cutting down on certain luxury spending of our own, in order to invest in Ann's future.

OF COURSE our public schools are good—best in the world. But this year I want Ann to have some additional opportunities—and restraints—to add to the training she has had so far.

Every radio, every newspaper and visitor brings talk of war, upsets, excitement, terrors. I believe the quiet discipline and even tenor of boarding school life this coming year will help Ann to build a fortress against whatever may be ahead.

And the fact that Canada's best equipped private schools for girls have higher enrolments than at any time in their histories bears out that a great many other Canadian parents are thinking as we do. For today our private schools are stepping in to meet the times. They are establishing, many of them, courses in business and typewriting, special first aid studies, training in war work and war service, special primary divisions for the very young.

We believe the private school has a big part to play in our child's education this year. +

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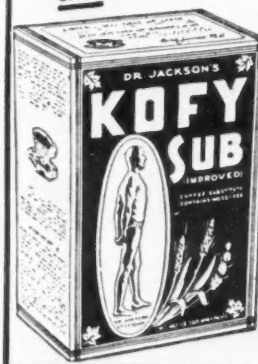
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vitamins is essential to proper cooking of any greens. To this end we turn over a new leaf and abandon that old practice of cleaning and letting them soak in water for an hour or so. The modern way is to wash and store them in a cool kindly temperature, then, just before their final treatment, trim and pop them in the pot with little or no extra water. Cover and bring them carefully but quickly to the boil, then lower the heat and give them just time enough to become tender. Drain without stirring, and save the water to give flavor to soups and sauces. Serve at once to capture for yourself every snippet of nourishment.

In cooking cabbage, lay the quarters in a little water that has already bubbled and boiled at a furious pace for a few



Have the water boiling and cut cabbage just before cooking.

minutes in order to drive off the oxygen. Boil closely covered for five to seven minutes — no longer; overcooked cabbage deteriorates both in flavor and vitamin potency.

Greens repay you amply for all the care you take in preparing them. They contribute a range of refreshing flavor and are rich in minerals—especially iron—as well as those important vitamins A and C. On the whole they're the cheapest source of Vitamin A, with the green leaves of cabbage a top ranker in this line. Parsley, too, has become important, not only decoratively but nutritionally, on account of the vitamins it carries in its vivid dark green leaves.



Mixed greens—cool, crisp and full of vitamins.

So let your garnish fall where it may and be sure to eat it.

Spinach, broccoli, kale and chard are also good purveyors, and many other greens—beet tops, white turnip tops, new dandelions and so on—are useful in rounding out your vitamin ration.

Green grow these health-giving foods

—and here is the proof that green is our lucky color.

### Hot Lettuce Slaw

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Medium-sized heads of lettuce
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- Dash of pepper
- 2 Slices of bacon
- 2 or 3 Wieners, cut in thin slices
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of vinegar
- 1 Hard-cooked egg, chopped

Wash, drain and shred the lettuce into a hot serving bowl. Sprinkle it with the salt and pepper and mix it with a fork. Let the mixture stand for ten minutes. Cut the bacon into small pieces and fry until crisp, then add the sliced wieners and brown lightly. Add the vinegar and bring to the boil. Pour over the lettuce and mix lightly with a fork. Sprinkle the top with chopped egg and serve at once. Six servings.

### Parsley Pinwheels

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Slices of bread, cut lengthwise from the loaf
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of butter, creamed
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of parsley, finely chopped
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of lemon juice

Cut the two slices one eighth to one quarter of an inch thick from the long side of a sandwich or any other loaf. Remove the crusts. Combine the butter, parsley and lemon juice and spread this mixture on the slices. Starting at one end of a slice, roll up like a jelly roll. Wrap tightly in waxed paper or a damp towel and place in the refrigerator. Just before serving, cut in one-quarter-inch slices. About two dozen pinwheels.

### Jellied Lettuce Salad

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Tablespoonfuls of plain unflavored gelatine or two envelopes
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of cold water
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of mild vinegar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of lemon juice
- 2 Cupfuls of boiling water
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of sugar
- 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of leaf lettuce, shredded
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of spinach, shredded
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of pimiento, finely chopped
- 1 Teaspoonful of onion juice or finely chopped onion

Soak the gelatine in cold water for five minutes, add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, salt, sugar and onion juice. Stir until dissolved. Strain and cool. Arrange lettuce, spinach and pimiento in a wet or lightly greased mold, pour the cooled mixture over this and chill. Serve unmolded on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise.

### Salad Bowl

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Wash lettuce and young spinach leaves and put to crisp. Just before serving dry them well, then using the scissors cut them into fair-sized pieces. Add some chopped parsley and blend together in a large bowl. Add French dressing and toss lightly to coat each piece with the dressing. Turn into a salad bowl and top with thin slices of radish, fingers of raw carrot and green onions. +

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but it isn't itchy. Within a few hours the little lump disappears, but if the test is positive the area becomes red two days later. The test is perfectly harmless, and the redness soon fades away. A positive test means that at some time previously that person has had some tuberculosis germs in his body—it does not mean that he has any actual disease.

You would be wise to have your household assistant tested in this way. Then, if the test is positive, you should have an X-ray plate taken of her lungs, which will show whether there is any actual disease or not. Personally I always take this precaution in my household, and it is strongly recommended by baby specialists. If there is a tuberculosis clinic in your locality, they would be willing to carry out this procedure for you.

### The Danger Periods

Probably you have seen reports lately of the tuberculin-testing campaigns that are being carried out in the high schools by many of the health departments. What are the reasons for these? When children reach high school age they enter another danger period as far as tuberculosis is concerned. We are not entirely sure why this is the case—probably for one thing it is associated with the processes of adolescence. Fortunately, at this age the disease is not nearly so deadly as it is in infancy. To meet this danger it is best to tuberculin-test all children in their first year at high school. In one large Ontario city about 15 per cent of such children gave positive reactions. The chests of the positive reactors were then X-rayed. Most of them showed no signs of lung tuberculosis, but a few did disclose evidences of early disease. Prompt treatment in a sanatorium usually leads to the rapid cure of such patients. The children who showed no disease in the first plates should be X-rayed every year while they are in high school, because tuberculosis develops so slowly. The children who showed negative tuberculin tests the first time should be retested later. In this way any cases can be spotted in their earliest stages, while the chances of cure are excellent and before they can spread the germs to others.

To protect our children further, all prospective teachers in Canada are now given similar examinations, including X-rays. Quebec has even gone farther. She leads the Dominion now by requiring thorough regular examinations for tuberculosis of all teachers. Reports indicate that the number of cases discovered justify this preventive measure.

Many of the universities carry out these tests on their students. You may think this an expensive and complicated procedure, but it has been reliably estimated that every early case of tuberculosis that is found saves the

country two thousand dollars in treatment alone, not to mention much suffering and incapacity. The treatment of advanced cases is, of course, very costly and often hopeless. A great many young people from 15 to 35 years of age die of this disease, and all these efforts are designed to prevent this dreadful loss of life. Your private physician can carry out these tests for you if you prefer. Also we should all use our influence to support our local health departments in this as in all their other important work. Very often the general public is not willing to vote them adequate funds with which to carry on their essential services. Remember that every case of tuberculosis discovered early makes your community safer for your children. Sanatoriums are essential for the care of the patients, and your generosity to them, if they are not supported by the Government, also helps to guard your family's health.

### Pasteurization of Milk

Cows also suffer from tuberculosis, and when this is the case, the germs are often present in their milk. These cow tuberculosis germs can cause disease in human beings too, although it more often occurs in the glands and bones rather than in the lungs. Pasteurization or boiling kills these and other germs. If you value the health of your family, you will never use milk that has not been either pasteurized or boiled. No other precaution is absolutely safe.

Besides these measures which prevent our children from being exposed to large doses of tuberculosis germs from active cases, it is also important to teach them how to live healthily. Plenty of good food, fresh air, sleep, sunshine and exercise are needed to keep their bodies in good trim for fighting this and other infections. It is generally conceded that fatigue, overwork, worry, careless eating habits and other unhealthy practices help to pave the way for these insidious germs.

### Your Question Box

**Question**—I have three children just entering their teens, a boy and two girls, and I am puzzled over the question of information regarding sex matters. Can you give me the names of reliable books suitable for such children 12 and 14 years old?—Mrs. J. B., Salmon Arm, B.C.

**Answer**—The book that is most highly recommended for children of 12 to 14 years as a source of reliable information on sex matters is called "Growing Up," by Carl de Schweinitz. I have no doubt that many of the public libraries would have copies of this book, but if you wish to order it from a bookstore, the name of the publisher is Macmillan and Company of Toronto. +

## Cool and Quick

### Toffee Chews

2 Five-cent bars of toffee  
1 Tablespoonful of cream  
1½ Cupfuls of crisped rice cereal  
Heat the toffee and cream in the top

of a double boiler until thoroughly melted and blended. Place the crisped rice cereal in a greased bowl and pour the toffee-cream mixture over it. Mix well. Pat into a greased pan and cut in squares.

# War —

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Guns, tanks, motorized vehicles, planes, ships, small arms, explosives—equipment of every kind—are today in mass production. We have created a navy of 400 ships. We have equipped fighting forces of 450,000 men. We have played the major role in the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan, one of the greatest schools for fighting airmen the world has ever seen.

Such in broad outline is Canada's proud record. Much more remains to be done. Still greater effort, still greater self-denial must be the solemn pledge of all till victory is won.

This advertisement is published as a contribution to the general knowledge of our country's war effort and as an inspiration through the days ahead. For reasons of security complete figures are not available. The facts presented, however, are impressive evidence of the growing might of Canada's war machine.

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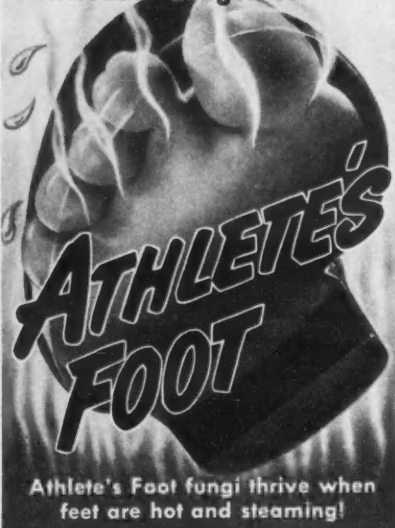
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SOOTHING TO THE SKIN — CONTAINS LANOLINE

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—increases danger of



Athlete's Foot fungi thrive when feet are hot and steaming!

That extra perspiration that comes with your increased wartime walking, feeds the fungi which cause Athlete's Foot. They flourish on it until the skin between your toes cracks open. Then they root in the living tissue and spread beneath the skin. Your toes are red, skin peels off, it's agony to walk! Athlete's Foot has struck!



## Soak those Cracks

Cracks between your toes are Nature's warning. Look for them tonight! At the first sign of broken skin, soak the entire foot with Absorbine Jr. full strength. Repeat daily—night and morning. Remember—it's the nation-wide favorite for relieving Athlete's Foot!



1. Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It kills the Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
5. It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. \$1.25 a bottle at all druggists. If free sample is desired address:

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Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 20 . . .  
Price 10 Cents.

## CHILD HEALTH CLINIC



## Tuberculosis

By Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

WHAT CAUSES tuberculosis? In 1938 a representative sample of American citizens were asked this question. Only one fifth of them thought this disease was caused by germs. The rest blamed the so-called "allies" of tuberculosis—poor food, rundown condition, unhealthy living quarters, bad heredity and chronic colds. The first people were right. Tuberculosis is always caused by the germs known as the tubercle bacilli. They are shaped like tiny rods and are so small that a thousand could pass through a pinhole.

How is the disease spread and how can we protect our children from this danger? As you know, the tuberculosis germs most commonly attack the lungs. There they cause inflammation, which leads to coughing and spitting, and literally millions of live germs are present in the cough spray and sputum of such a person. Spitting is against the law in some cities. People caught indulging in this dangerous habit can be fined, and they certainly deserve to be punished.

Unfortunately, unlike pneumonia or influenza, tuberculosis does not strike its victims suddenly. It creeps up on them slowly, like a sneak thief, and often they are quite unaware that they have been stricken. Often they blame their cough on chronic bronchitis or perhaps asthma. Unconsciously they are a menace to all their associates, especially any babies under three years of age, because such infants catch tuberculosis very easily. The disease also attacks them very severely, and many of them die of it, but it is much different to tuberculosis in adults, and coughing may not occur at all. We should certainly make sure that no one with active tuberculosis lives or visits with our children. People of all ages can

have this disease—even grandparents may suffer from it. Boarders and helpers in the house may pass it on to the youngsters. Sometimes parents themselves have it, without being aware of the fact.

### Safeguards

How can we tell if it is safe for our assistant to care for our baby, especially if she has a chronic cough? Of course we should call in the services of a physician and, as it is largely to safeguard our family, we should bear the expense. In order to understand what is involved in his examination, we will discuss for a moment how the tuberculosis germs attack the body. Although there are only about one third as many deaths from tuberculosis now as there were thirty years ago, there are still a good many tuberculosis germs about. Most city people take a few of these germs into their lungs some time or other during their lives. When the germs settle in the lungs, they start to increase in number, but the lung tissues in that area fight the germs and usually they are able to form a hard shell or capsule around them. The little collections of tubercle germs are thus securely walled off—and cause no real disease.

However, as a result of this tiny seeding with the germs, the whole body changes slightly, in such a way that it reacts more vigorously to any more of the germs that are taken into the body. This helps to protect us from tuberculosis. The physicians have developed a test by which they can tell whether this change has taken place. In it they inject a tiny amount of a clear sterilized fluid called tuberculin into the skin. The area where the injection has been made looks like a little mosquito bite,

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Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

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## What A Wife Must Know To Safeguard Happiness

Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene Gives Continuous Action for Hours

● It is all too true that ignorance of physical facts can wreck any wife's married happiness. Yet thousands of women, instead of informing themselves regarding feminine hygiene, either place their dependence on weak, ineffective "home-made" mixtures, or resort to over-strong solutions of acids which can burn, scar and desensitize delicate tissue.

Today such risks are needless. Informed women have turned to Zonitors—the safe, new way in feminine hygiene. These dainty, snow-white suppositories kill germs instantly at contact. Spread greaseless, protective coating. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

Yet! Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

**FREE:** Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Write Zonite Products Corporation, Limited, Dept. C., Ste-Thérèse, Que.  
NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY..... PROV.....

**Zonitors**





**Crisp**  
*Delicious,  
 crunchy...  
 every spoonful!*



**d**ouble dare you! Shower Rice Krispies into your breakfast bowl. Crown the golden tempters with sun-drenched berries—rich and luscious. Add frosty-cool milk. Then try to keep from pitching in. Double dare you!

What a taste-tickling treat—a lively, can't-be-copied flavour—a crispness that puts a satisfying crunch in every spoonful. Rice Krispies actually snap! crackle! pop! You can hear how crisp they are!

Oven-popping, gentle toasting, and a famous Kellogg recipe—these turn the trick. For brighter breakfasts at your house, order Kellogg's Rice Krispies today! Whenever you eat out, insist on the individual package with the inner, WAXTITE, sealed bag.

"Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of Kellogg Company of Canada Limited, for its brand of oven-popped rice.



**Try Kellogg's Variety Package**  
 10 PACKAGES — 6 DELICIOUS CEREALS

If manly hearts  
you would enmesh  
Keep summer dresses  
trim and fresh



How to keep dresses

**FRESH  
and DAINTY**

Men love to go places with the girl who's dainty. So be sure your summer frocks are always fresh. But remember—in warm weather it's terribly easy for frockstocarry perspiration odor.

Play safe! Dip your gay dresses in Lux frequently. Lux removes every trace of perspiration odor . . . keeps colors and fabrics new-looking far longer.

Remember—safe in water, safe in Lux! So start now to dip your dresses in Lux regularly.

DIP  
them often  
in—**LUX**  
A LEVER PRODUCT



*H. Victor Tyrrell*

IT WAS a day he would have loved. A warming May sun, a blue sky with puffs of white cloud; the bloom of old apple trees and chokecherries spraying over the fences that surround St. John's churchyard, York Mills, where veterans of the War of 1812 have slept for a hundred years.

The great gathering of friends and associates moved reverently and with full hearts behind the casket as it was borne from church to graveside. This was our last farewell to H. Victor Tyrrell, Vice-President and Managing Director of The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited—a man who by his initiative and executive genius had made rich and permanent contribution to Canadian publishing history and thus to the free interchange of news and ideas in this Dominion; a man who found in business countless daily opportunities for friendship, human understanding, and generous, kindly acts.

He has passed on, but his influence remains—a very vital force throughout the whole staff and structure of the organization with which he was so closely identified for forty-four years. His business integrity, his deep sense of responsibility toward the Canadian public, our readers, his democratic spirit and eager recognition of good work must always be a noble inspiration to every executive and employee of this company.

He has left his mark on *Chatelaine*, for it was due to his vision and leadership that this magazine first saw the light of day fifteen years ago. From that time onward he was "The Chief," guiding *Chatelaine's* destinies, heartened by its steady progress, and seeking constantly to extend the scope of its service to the women of Canada.

His high standards in publishing practice and editorial sincerity will continue to be our goal. That, we think, is the tribute he would like best.

The Editors.

### Index of Advertisers

Only worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. Readers, therefore, can buy the lines advertised in Chatelaine with confidence of satisfactory service. By insisting on trademarked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

Absorbine Jr. ....	50
Arrid Cream ....	36
Artisto ....	40
Baby's Own Soap ....	51
Barber-Ellis of Canada Ltd. ...	40
Best Foods (Canada) Ltd. ....	45
Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co. ....	44
Blue Jay Corn Plasters ....	41
Bristol-Myers ....	3
Campbell's Soup ....	17
Canada Starch Company Ltd. ...	49
Canadian Kodak Co. Ltd. ....	25
Can. Assn. of Ice Industries ...	47
Canadian Tampax Corp. Ltd. ...	30
Carter's Little Liver Pills ....	14
Castoria ....	23
Coca-Cola ....	4th Cover
Colgate's Dental Cream ....	28
Dettol ....	36
Dominion Oilcloth ....	2nd Cover
Don Juan Lipstick ....	26
Dr. Jackson's Kofy Sub ....	49
Evan Williams Shampoo ....	26
Fry-Cadbury Ltd. ....	47
Gillett's Lye ....	50
Gouraud Oriental Cream ....	26
Hellman's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise ....	45
Junket Freezing Mix ....	48
Keen's Mustard ....	44
Kellogg's Rice Krispies ...	3rd Cover
Koneray Pleated Skirts ....	48
Kotex ....	33
Kruschen Salts ....	40
Lanzette Laboratory ....	35
Listerine ....	2
Lux Flakes ....	24, 35, 52
Lux Toilet Soap ....	32
Lysol ....	31
Memba Pectin Co. ....	43
Mercolized Wax ....	36
Mercury Mills ....	36
Metropolitan Life Ins. Co. ....	22
Mossfield Blankets ....	40
Mum ....	3
Murine ....	44
National War Finance Committee	4
Neet ....	30
Nugget Shoe Polish ....	41
Odorono Cream and Liquid ...	31
Ontario Ladies' College ....	49
Palmolive Soap ....	29
Pepsodent ....	26
Porritts & Spencer (Canada) Ltd.	40
Prudential Insurance Co. of America ....	38
Rinso ....	41
Royal Bank of Canada, The ..	51
Sani-Flush ....	40
Scholl Mfg. Co. Ltd. ....	31
Shredded Wheat ....	18
Two In One White Cleaner ...	35
Viceroy Mfg. Co. Ltd. ....	47
Viyella Regd. ....	36
Woodbury Facial Soap ....	20
Yardley & Co. ....	37
Zonite Products Corporation Ltd.	50



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"The 'Coke' party idea has spread from the campus to the home. Parents have learned from the school set how to entertain the young and their elders, too, with little money and less effort. 'Coca-Cola', ice-cold and right out of the bottle, is always the center of interest at these

galas. From then on, it's everybody's chance to make their party the most fun and the most attractive. In our picture, the refreshment theme was played upon all the way . . . for decoration, for food, and to keep the bottles of 'Coca-Cola' ice-cold."

Laura Lee Burroughs

All on a summer's day



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. . . Home Settings . . . Interesting Ideas

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6 BOTTLES 30¢  
FOR THE HOME  
DRINK Coca-Cola  
TRADE MARK  
DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

Hello... I'm "Coca-Cola"  
known too, as "Coke"